N CN

0 53 85 071

Maitland

SEAWAY VILLAGE

Lillian Collier Gray

MAITLAND SEAWAY VILLAGE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

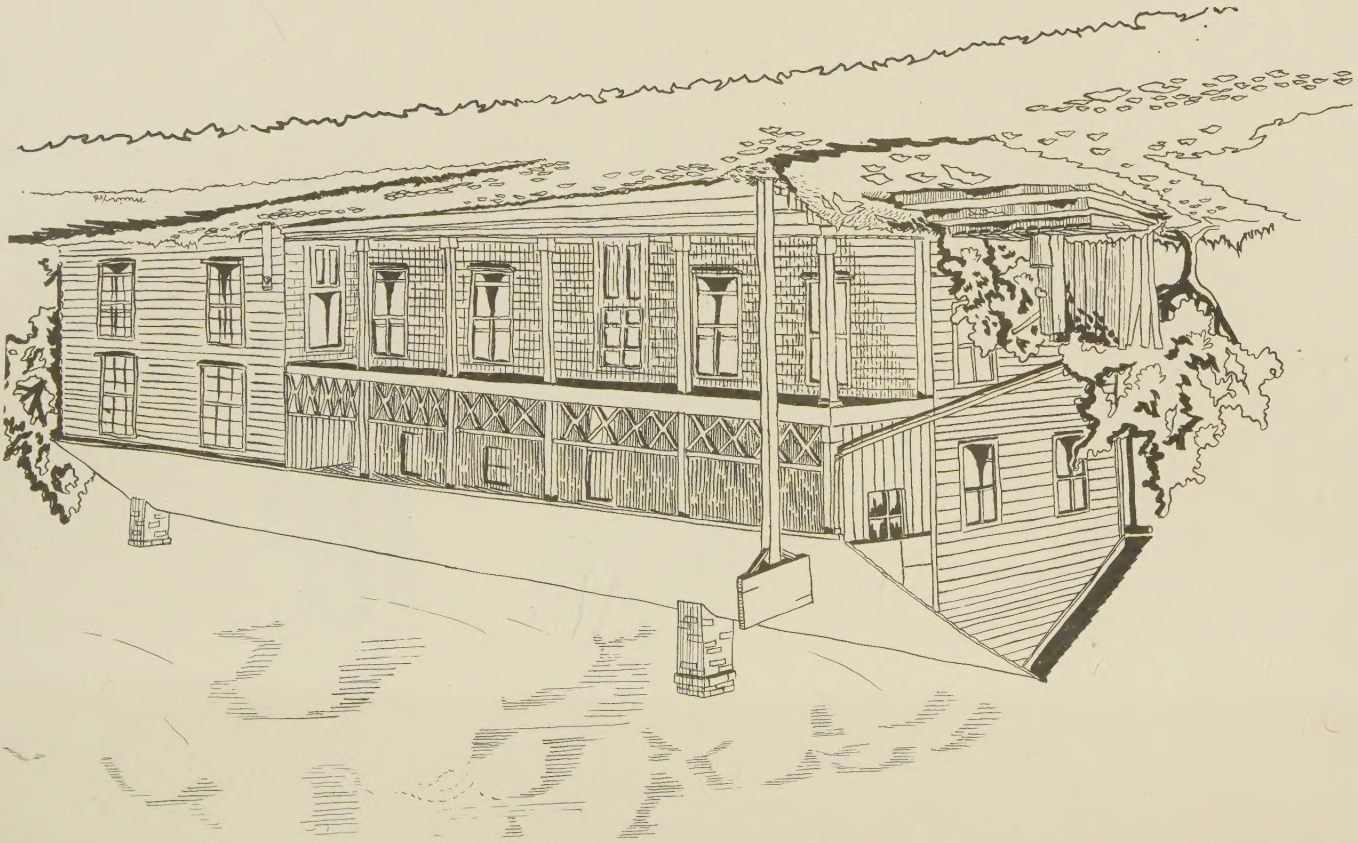
https://archive.org/details/maitlandseawayvi0000lill

Greene Co.Room 971.3 Grenvil

Gray, Lillian Collier, 1902-

Maitland, seaway village
2.00

GREENE COUNTY ROOM
GREENE COUNTY LIBRARY
76 EAST MARKET STREET
XENIA, OH 45385



MAITLAND
SEAWAY VILLAGE

BY

LILLIAN COLLIER GRAY

Sketches by Susanna Thompson Dumbrille

Frontispiece by David Muir

THE PRESCOTT JOURNAL — PRESCOTT

To the Memory of
my Mother and Father

Acknowledgements

FOR MATERIAL INCLUDED in this series of sketches, special acknowledgement is made to the late E. A. McKim, friend of my father, whose "Landmarks by the Riverside" has provided much valuable information.

Many other persons have been generous with important clues and facts, particularly Mr. Richard Dumbrille; and the late Miss Barbara Jones; Lt. Colonel F. C. Curry and Mr. F. P. Smith, I.P.S., when they were living; Miss Phyllis Stephenson, Mrs. Willis Wilson, Mrs. Oscar Carson, Mrs. Bruce Connell, and Mr. Howard Warner, U.E.L.

To these and to all others who assisted in any way in the collecting of this material, grateful acknowledgment is made.

The illustrations in this book are by Mrs. Susanna Dumbrille and Mr. David Muir, to whom I extend special thanks.

CONTENTS

I.	POINTE AU BARIL
II.	OSWEGATCHIE
III.	TRAVELLERS ON THE RIVER
IV.	JESSUP'S LOYALIST SETTLERS
V.	MAILS AND ROADS
VI.	LIFE IN THE VILLAGE
VII.	THE STONE HOUSE MAN
VIII.	THE VILLAGE SCHOOL
IX.	THE VILLAGE STORE
X.	THE VILLAGE CHURCHES
XI.	BULLET HOLES IN THE ATTIC
XII.	CONTRABAND IN THE FIREPLACE
XIII.	BEAUTIFUL HORSES
XIV.	THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN
XV.	CANADIAN "PAUL REVERE"
XVI.	THE HECKS OF AUGUSTA
XVII.	JUSTUS SHERWOOD
XVIII.	OLD STONE HOUSES
XIX.	LONG LIVE MAITLAND

Foreword

IT IS APPROPRIATE THAT the publication of Maitland Seaway Village, should come in this Centennial Year of Confederation, for Maitland, like many other Canadian communities, has often played its part in the history of this country. Pointe au Baril was old when Confederation came in 1867, and even now, nestled on the bank of the mighty St. Lawrence Seaway with large industry dominating the horizon and the traffic of a busy highway passing its door, Maitland is able to accept these changes and yet retain with grace a certain Old World charm of its very own.

Maitland's main street has earned the reputation of being "all highway and yet all beautiful". The residences bordering this section of No. 2 Highway between Toronto and Montreal, evoke the spirit of the early 1800's with their dignified beauty and romantic atmosphere which is more apparent in this village even than in the quaint main thoroughfare of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here are as fine specimens of early Canadian architecture as one can find, for many of these buildings in their own individual way exemplify the best features of a nineteenth century stone house.

The Grenville County Historical Society, in a Centennial project of sponsoring this printing, is fortunate to have had the maximum of unselfish co-operation from the author, Lillian Collier Gray, who is well qualified to write such a book, having spent a good deal of her life in and around this area where she was born. Knowing and understanding the village, the author has written a text which captures much of the picturesque enchantment of this small centre. In the writing of this book, Mrs. Gray performs a much-needed service to the archives of the area, for here you will read of incidents that have never before been put between book covers.

Mrs. Gray has contributed articles, many on historic sub-

jects, to The London Free Press, The Globe and Mail, The Ottawa Citizen, The Hamilton Spectator, Saturday Night, The Canadian Forum, Chatelaine, The Atlantic Advocate, Canadian Poetry Magazine, and other nationally known periodicals in Canada and the United States. She has written works which have been produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and is author of a book of poems, Gray Acres.

Maitland, Seaway Village, has been written by an author whose aesthetic appreciation of the things that endure has resulted in a book which makes worthwhile and fascinating reading.

RICHARD M. DUMBRILLE, President,
Grenville County Historical Society.

Maitland, Ontario,
June, 1967.

Introduction

IN ONE OF MAITLAND'S lovely old houses of the past, the interior is laid out in a helter-skelter fashion very confusing to those who live there, even after they have been accustomed to the strange arrangement of the rooms. It is said that this odd lay-out is the result of the plans having blown away when the house was in the early stages of building, after which the carpenters just went ahead, putting up partitions and cutting doors in truly prodigal fashion.

Maitland is itself a little like that, only instead of losing its plan, it never really had one. That may be part of the reason that this small village is one of the most romantic and unspoiled places in Ontario.

The chapters which follow give some few highlights in the story of Maitland and of that area on three sides where the life and action have been closely associated with that of the village. It is often the little places which guard and cherish our best traditions. Maitland is one of these places.

Other families, other houses, other stories in addition to those mentioned have also played their part in the drama of this village. If they are not mentioned here, it is only because it would take a huge volume to tell the whole story. We hope this material, which was fascinating to write, will help its readers to know and love Maitland.

The story may contain some inaccuracies. But as it is not meant to be a documentary, we hope any errors will be pardoned.

1

Pointe au Baril

CURVED INTO THE NORTH SHORE of the St. Lawrence about midway between Brockville and Prescott lies the village of Maitland. Once just a sleepy old hamlet drowsing in the sun, Maitland today is caught up in the excited tempo of the Sixties.

But while new building is springing up all over the place, Maitland never can escape her past. This community, the oldest continuously occupied village in Ontario, dates back to the year 1759 when it was settled by the French who came up the river from Svegatchie, where Ogdensburg now stands, to build a fortified shipyard at Pointe au Baril. At this spot black-bearded Frenchmen hewed and hammered great oaks felled along these shores into schooners of war for their navy. Pointe au Baril is the only French place name in this locality which continued into the English era.

To the west of the village lies the farm land which was the holding first granted by the Crown to Colonel David Breakenridge, United Empire Loyalist, who served as magistrate, militia colonel, and local elder during those days of early settlement. Col. Breakenridge is reputed to have performed more baptisms in that area than all the other local clergymen put together. As a preacher, he was considered severe, even caustic, often admonishing his congregation that if they were accustomed to carrying their holiness in their pockets to "put a lock and key on it, lest they lose it."

When I was a child, one of the places I loved to visit was the farm of an uncle and aunt overlooking the bay that David Breckenridge viewed from his property. I was the eldest of six children who waded and romped along the rocky shore in front of my uncle's home. None of us ever gave any thought to the fact that we were playing in one of the most historic spots in Upper Canada. It meant nothing to us that the point of land jutting out on our left was Pointe au Baril, an early "pipe-place" or resting place used by the voyageurs on their canoe trips from Montreal to Kingston and Niagara.

"Le temps de fumer une pipe" — "Time to light a pipe and time to rest our rowers". The voyageurs looked for just such a spot as this, in a sheltered lee, with sandy shore on which to beach their heavily laden canoes. Many of these pipe-places existed between Montreal and Fort Frontenac at Kingston, for with laden canoes twelve to fifteen days were required to make the trip. Going back with light canoes, several stops were skipped and the return was made in four or five days. The voyageurs averaged about a dozen trips a season, between April and November.

It was in this sheltered bay at Pointe au Baril that General Jeffrey Amherst, the British Commander who made a greater reputation for himself than any other in the English army since Marlborough, mustered his forces to drive the French down river in the last miltary engagement between the French and English in North America.

One of the pleasant little jaunts I occasionally enjoyed as a child was the buggy drive along the river road to Pres-

cott and ending in a ferry trip across the river to Ogdensburg. This ten minute boat ride held all the enchantment of an ocean voyage from the time when the puffing and chugging little ferry boat swung out into the blue waters close to our shore until it entered the black stream of the Oswegatchie river pouring into the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg. It was years before I knew that Ogdensburg was also a very old place, with a story linked in many places with our own north shore history.

It was a priest of the St. Sulpician Order, Francois Piquet, who in founding La Presentation (Ogdensburg) made the move which indirectly led to Maitland's beginning. This was in 1749 when he explored the shores of Lake Ontario in a royal boat supplied by the Governor of New France.

The spot Piquet chose to set up a mission was at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, this river of black waters, opposite where Prescott now stands. Here, in 1751, the priest built the first sawmill on the St. Lawrence.

Francois Piquet's reasons for choosing this site for his mission were sound ones. Rivalry between the English and French for the trade of the Indians had been growing since the English had built their trading-post and fort at Oswego. And now that a large concentration of Iroquois, friends of the English, had settled on the St. Lawrence, the French were anxious to put forth every effort to secure the goodwill and trade of the Indians.

From Piquet's mission, which he called La Presentation, scouts went out looking for superior stands of timber to cut and build into ships. At Pointe au Baril, these scouts were delighted to find a fine stand of oak. This point was also chosen by the French engineer, Pontleroy, as the most satisfactory situation for a shipyard-base for supplies after Fort Frontenac had been captured and demolished by Colonel Bradstreet. The place became known as "l'Once de la Construction". Here, in 1759, the French built a dock and erected a star-shaped, fortified shipyard just east of the present village. And here they proceeded to manufacture their schooners of war. In 1759 the keels of three ships were laid down and two

were completed and launched. These were the "Iroquoise" and the "Outaouaise", which were equipped and manned to cruise on Lake Ontario. These vessels, later captured by the British, were the last French ships of war to navigate Lake Ontario. The "Outaouise", commanded by Captain La Broquerie, was taken after a gallant resistance, by five British row-galleys under Colonel George Williamson. The encounter has been described as one of the most remarkable exploits in the naval history of the lakes. Hauled into secure anchorage, the schooner was renamed the "Williamson", and her late commander and crew were taken prisoners to Amherst's camp at La Presentation.

The war between the English and French for the French possessions in North America began in 1755. To complete the English conquest, three expeditions were planned, one from Quebec and another by way of Lake Champlain. The third, by way of Oswego and the St. Lawrence was placed under the command of General Amherst. On August 17, 1760, Amherst came down the river with a force of 10,000 redcoats and 700 Indians, and here in this bay, where we children later set afloat our little bark ships and gathered clamshells, the English Commander unloaded his men and sent them to surround the star-shaped fort. The French, after setting the shipyard ablaze, fired a few shots as they took to their small boats and retreated down the river to Fort Levis on an island below Ogdensburg. The British followed and took the fort a few days later.

These were the last shots exchanged between the French and British on this continent. For the next 20 years, this part of Canada saw few white men. The area became once again a land claimed by inscrutable forest, closed to all but a few government officials and bands of Iroquois descending from the Adirondacks to hunt and fish in the Thousand Islands area and the lake country to the north. But Pointe au Baril was never completely abandoned. The English retained a shipyard here where they built their own warships.

That few white men knew these shores during that couple of decades was due to the fact that when the British took

over the territory they had won from the French, they immediately set aside the greater part of what is now Ontario, along with the area which the French had owned in the United States, as a great Indian Reserve. This it remained until, at the end of the Revolutionary War, Britain desired more land to provide new homes for the Loyalist families. This land she obtained by making treaties and agreements with the Indians.

Governor Haldimand put the distribution of Loyalist settlement in the upper part of the province under the charge of Sir John Johnson. Major Holland was the surveyor. When Major Holland explored the territory in 1783, he was accompanied by Captain Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) and several Indians of the Six Nations. The purpose of this exploration was to determine where the Indian Loyalists would prefer to settle.

When the Mississaguas around the eastern end of Lake Ontario objected to the Six Nations settling in that neighbourhood, Sir John Johnson sought to remedy the situation by purchasing all the Indian lands from the Bay of Quinte downward. He estimated that the region from the Bay to Lake St. Francis would provide enough land for all the Loyalists, white and Indian.

The purchase of the land from the Mississaguas was negotiated by Captain Crawford of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, in October, 1782. He obtained all the lands from Toniata near Jones' Creek west of Brockville to a river in the Bay of Quinte within eight leagues of the bottom of said Bay including all the islands, extending from the lake "as far back as a man can travel in a day". In return for these lands, the Chiefs asked, "that all the families belonging to them shall be clothed and that those who have not fusees shall receive new ones, some powder and ball for their winter hunting, as much coarse red cloth as will make about a dozen coats, and as many laced hats".

In October, 1778, the Mississaguas received a special grant of 2,000 pounds in goods as a reward for the aid given the United Empire Loyalists.

It was in 1783 that the flat-bottomed bateaux of the Loyalists began to come up the St. Lawrence in search of new homes in the unfriendly wilderness.

We children who played in Amherst's Bay knew nothing of all this, just as we did not know that the hollowed-out boulders we used for play wash basins were the old vessels in which the Indians ground their corn.

Today, this whole area is strangely peopled with ghosts. Sometimes out of the shimmering nights, one glimpses the phantom masts of the "Outaouaise", sailing proudly past Pointe au Baril, full rigged for the wide waters of the lake. Ernest Green, F.R., Historical Society, caught the romance of this gallant and ill-fated schooner in the poem he wrote in 1938:

Here, helpless, hopeless, fighting to the last,
The Frenchman laid his keel and cut his mast,
Launched his rude barque upon the narrow sea,
Flung forth once more his dear-loved fleur-de-lis.

The conquering Briton found a worthy foe,
From Montcalm's fire there dwelt an answering glow,
Within the heart of staunch La Broquerie —
The quenchless fire of Gallic chivalry.

St. Laurent's tide rolls o'er the "Outaouise",
The foemen sleep alike in unmarked graves,
A twisted thorn, a stone, a mouldering mound,
Proclaim old Pointe au Baril hallowed ground.

II

Oswegatchie

BETWEEN THE TIME WHEN Maitland received its present name and when it was known as Pointe au Baril, it had another name common to all the territory lying beween Ogdensburg and Brockville. Up until the time of the Revolutionary War, this entire river settlement was called Oswegatchie. Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Can-

ada from 1818 to 1828, gave the village its third name, in honour of himself.

If Sir Peregrine was ever popular as a governor, it was only with the upper classes. Ruled by the more or less sinister Family Compact, he was feared and despised by those chafing at the privileges this clique took for themselves.

Romance has, however, contributed a little glamour to this Englishman let loose in Canada. As a dashing young army officer in England, Maitland had eloped with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond. While at first consternation reigned over this disconcerting state of affairs, the young couple were, if somewhat grudgingly, forgiven. The Duke, who was about to come to Canada as Governor-in-Chief, packed up his new son-in-law along with his other baggage, and brought the culprit out to be Lieutenant-Governor of Canada.

Some-one has said that Sir Peregrine was the perfect Colonel Blimp. An extremely bigoted Tory, he was also oozing with stuffy prejudices of religion, nationality and caste. So insufferable was the man's arrogance that he became to some degree responsible for a good deal of the discontent which led to bloodshed a few years later. When Maitland was called back to England, the feeling at his departure was mainly one of open relief.

One of Maitland's humble philosophers used sometimes to voice his opinion that Maitland had never thrown off the stigma of having been named after a Tory snob. "She'll never live it down," quoth this seer, "not until she changes her name, which she never will. That's why she's never grew. Just too blamed stuffy and smug she is."

Bluntly spoken, the words contain not a little truth. For Maitland has been traditionally Tory in the proud, clergy-reserve manner. At the same time, this conservatism and pride managed throughout the years to keep this village on a crowded highway one of the few quite unspoiled small places in Ontario.

Lot No. 28 at Pointe au Baril remained a ship and naval yard until 1784, when it was drawn by Loyalist Captain Alexander Campbell. On this site, Ziba Marcus Phillips, a Loyalist, who acquired the property in 1818 for a small sum,

built a house. Phillips travelled to York to obtain the title to his property from Governor Maitland, and it was during this interview that the name of Maitland was decided upon.

Ziba Phillips, who had a remarkable career, became owner of not only the old French site, but he also laid out the entire east side of the village. He built a house close to the river in the old shipyard and a second one on the hill not far from the church.

This man, who is known as the Father of Maitland was born at Oswego, New York, in 1787, and came to Upper Canada with his father around 1792, living in his parents' home until the outbreak of the War of 1812 when he joined a local battery of artillery.

In November, 1813, Phillips was severely wounded by the bursting of a cannon while his battery at Prescott was firing at the flotilla of bateaux of the American General Wilkinson. Later, on account of his fluency in the Indian tongue, Lieut. Phillips was employed in secret service work and the carrying of important despatches.

Phillips fought at the Battle of Queenston Heights in 1812, at Sackett's Harbour in 1813, and at Lundy's Lane in the last year of the war. Taken prisoner at Lundy's Lane, Phillips made his escape from a guard of six men and afterwards with the aid of other soldiers made his captors prisoners in return.

In 1823, Phillips was gazetted a Captain in the Second Regiment of Grenville Militia. Somewhere along the way in his busy career, this genial 300-pound man found the time to study medicine. In 1816, he hung out his shingle in Maitland as a physician.

An old account book gives a picture of the doctor's practice. The fee for ushering a baby into the world was £1, 10s, and was paid with a load of wood, some bushels of potatoes and six hunderweight of hay. Vaccination of a child cost the parents 7s, 6d. On one occasion, after attending an unmarried mother, Phillips sent the suspected father of the infant his bill for the birth of a child "of which you are the reputed father."

So great was the regard of the Indians for their "Medi-

cine Man" that they elected him their honorary chief, giving him a name which meant "Giver of Presents."

The first Masonic Lodge in Upper Canada was located in Maitland in 1783. This lodge was instituted by authority of the Provincial Grand Lodge of New York, which owed allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England. It was the work of Ziba Phillips as President of the Masonic Convention at and Midland Districts during the period between 1817 and 1822.

Ziba Marcus Phillips died at the "Tincap", Elizabethtown, in 1847. He is buried in Read's burying ground on the third concession, South Augusta, where a memorial was erected in his honor in 1908, and unveiled by John Ross Robertson. Read's Cemetery was laid out in 1837 during the cholera epidemic by Moses Read who had emigrated from Connecticut.

Settled first by the French, named after a stodgy English Tory, home of an early Masonic lodge, tended by a clergyman who kept his sermons in a barrel, is it little wonder that Pointe au Baril — Oswegatchie — Maitland possesses a character and colour all her own!

III

Travellers On The River

NOT ONLY IS MAITLAND itself old, but the village lies close to that area containing the oldest land mass in the world. Here the gases surrounding our planet first started to cool, matter began to form, and the Laurentian Highlands pushed up their craggy heads as the first land mass took shape. At this time, the St. Lawrence River was probably a part of the sea.

Designed by nature to be a great commercial highway, the St. Lawrence River, one of the longest in the world and draining a basin of 530,000 square miles, was bound to

intrigue adventurous hearts from the beginning.

For half a century before the coming of Champlain, the Iroquois, in their search for arrow-points and game, were travelling into these regions occupied by the Algonquins. Birch-bark canoes filled with painted warriors slid past these shores or were pulled up in sheltered coves. The region was the border-land of the Algonquins and Iroquois, and when the French first visited the area, the tribes were waging a bloody war. When Champlain threw in France's weight with the Algonquins he gained the lasting hatred of the Iroquois.

As early as 1665, De Courcelle and De Tracy, in their expeditions against the Mohawk Indians, travelled up the St. Lawrence. In 1673, the fiery-hearted Count de Frontenac, Governor of New France, led an expedition up the river to Cataraqui. With a flotilla of 120 canoes and two large bateaux painted in red and blue and loaded with cannon. with more canoes bringing up the rear, and more than 400 French troops, Frontenac well knew that he was putting on a great show.

The Franciscan friar, Father Louis Hennepin, found rest along these shores when he travelled up from Quebec in a birch-bark canoe, "with sandalled feet, wearing a coarse grey capote and peaked hood. With the cord of St. Francis around his waist the priest carried a rosary and crucifix in his hand."

The first person to whom a grant of land was made in Upper Canada, when the islands known as Wolfe, Gage and Amherst were given him together with four leagues of land including the fort at Cataraqui, was Sieur de la Salle. This handsome, daring Frenchman knew this part of the St. Lawrence, and probably stretched cramped limbs at Pointe au Baril on his canoe trips from Montreal to Niagara or Cataraqui.

The fur trade played its part in St. Lawrence River history. Perhaps the most colorful pages were written in the latter part of the 17th century when huge flotillas of Indians with hundreds of coureurs de bois paddled down to Montreal with furs from the Great Lakes country.

In 1696, Frontenac, now an old, experienced general,

again travelled past these shores on his way to Cataraqui to take the offensive against the Five Nations in retaliation against their refusal of his terms of peace. This time the Governor had assembled all the regular troops of Canada, along with a great number of friendly Indians. In twelve days' time after leaving Montreal, the forces reached Cataraqui, from which point they crossed the lake to make their way into the Indian settlements.

From this time on, the river became a highway for the French voyageurs who carried on a traffic with the Indians. La Galette, near Johnstown, became the first actual settlement in Leeds and Grenville. Established by Governor De La Barre, this spot was intended as a post for French troops in their schemes for the conquest of the Iroquois.

In May, 1756, the French Commander, the Marquis de Montcalm, with General Bouelamaque, two engineers, and army of 1350 regulars, 1500 Canadians and 250 Indians ascended the river to Fort Frontenac. A week later these shores saw this army making the return journey to Montreal.

The St. Lawrence carried the traffic resulting from four great conflicts — the Indian Wars between the Algonquins and Iroquois; the struggle for Canada between the French and English; the American Revolutionary War; and the War of 1812-1814. There was also that upheaval known as the Patriot War when, in the years 1837 - 1839, Responsible Government was born.

During this latter period, the river witnessed some strange and even ridiculous occurrences. Two men, at least, won a questionable immortality with their activities at this time. One was the Polish exile, Nils Van Schoultz, who hoped to free Canada from tyranny and oppression. The other, the notorious "Bill" Johnston, claimed he was "Commander-in-Chief of the naval forces and flotilla" in the Patriot service. Whether or not Johnston ever visited Maitland is not known, but certainly he did pass these shores on his way to and from Prescott. Johnston has now become one of the legends of this section of the St. Lawrence River.

As the St. Lawrence and the lakes offered the most obvious and easiest road to the country farther west, the history

of Canada before the English conquest was one of continual struggle for this route and the prizes it could make available.

In the year 1792, Oswegatchie settlers saw a colorful procession making its way up the river, as John Graves Simcoe went to his new field of labour as Governor of Canada. Travelling in a large bark canoe rowed by 12 chasseurs, the new Governor watched the voyageurs dexterously guiding the boats over the blue waters.

Mrs. Simcoe, who accompanied her husband, wrote that she had to summon a deal of courage to entrust herself and her children to a bateau. When she returned to Montreal on September 16, 1794, the journey was made in a boat covered with an awning of hoops and sailcloth. On this trip, the first lady of the land stayed overnight at the home of Captain David Cowan R.N., opposite Oswegatchie, where she marvelled at the size of her bedroom, a huge chamber containing six large windows.

It was February, 1795, when Mrs. Simcoe again travelled from Montreal to York, but this time in a horse-drawn carriole. At Johnstown, although she was ill, she attended the Governor's ball. She was also entertained at the homes of a Mr. Jones and the Frazier brothers. When the carriole finally set out on its way to York, the weather had turned desperately cold and snow was falling heavily.

Somewhere along this road which is now No. 2 Highway, the Governor's party was met by "two Mr. Jones", who were coming to advise the chief to wait until the weather had cleared. When Simcoe insisted he must be on his way, the two Jones' Samaritans travelled ahead, breaking the road. The party stopped to rest at a "third Jones" where Mrs. Simcoe thawed out before what she declared was the largest wood fire she had ever seen. The third Mr. Jones joined the road-breakers as the carriole proceeded on its difficult way.

The coming of the steamboats marked a new day in river navigation. In 1817, two steamboats, one built at Prescott, began the run between Prescott and Kingston. Another such vessel was the "Brockville", built in 1834 by Captain Brush.

John Armour, who took a trip through Upper Canada in 1835, described the "Brockville" as a "superb boat". His estimation of the places through which he passed are interest-

ing. Prescott was of "dirty, irregular appearance". Maitland, lying in "very well cultivated" country, was "a very neat village indeed. The houses, all mostly painted white, and green fields around, gives a very pleasant contrast to the scene. A great many trees are left standing which also adds to its beauty. The Church is finely situated on an eminence."

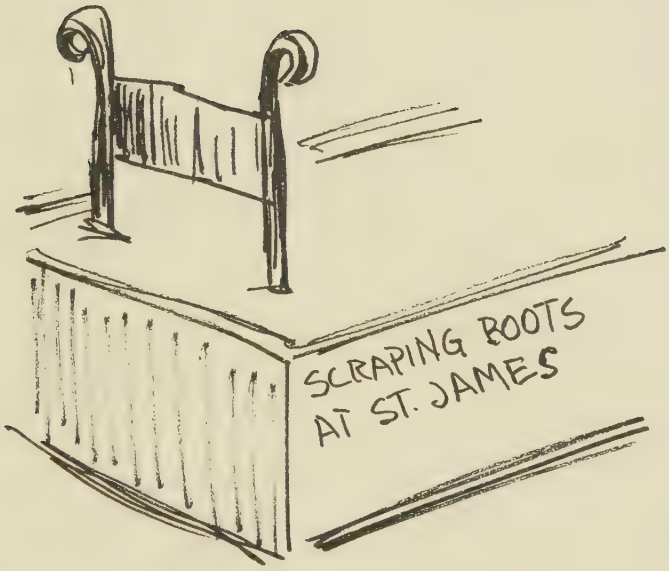
At Brockville, Armour put up at Lusher's Hotel. He was highly delighted with the town. "They have left so many trees standing, and the streets so wide, and such beautiful houses and so regularly laid out, that I was quite surprised to find such a beautiful town."

While Maitland people accepted the steamboat for its comfort and convenience, they were not happy about some changes introduced by this new form of travel. On May 12, 1851, a public meeting was held in the village to voice disapproval of the operation of steamboats on the river on Sunday.

Through the years, Maitland people have seen millions of tons of freight being carried past their shores on dingy barges and freighters going up and down between the head of the Lakes and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This great river has long been the highway of Canada's trade with Great Britain. Furs, timber, wheat and flour were among the staples moving past these shores. The natural products of the whole northern interior travelled down the St. Lawrence on their way to the sea.

Having long taken their river for granted, today Maitland people look at it with new wonder in their eyes. Now the Seaway has come to add immeasurably to the river's influence and power. What is progress doing to us, Maitland wonders. Only time will tell!

SCHOOL HOUSE DOOR



IV

Jessup's Loyalist Settlers

ONE OF THE UNEXPECTED RESULTS of the American Revolutionary War was the settlement of what afterwards became known as Upper Canada. While small settlements existed in the neighbourhood of Niagara, and other garrisons had some years earlier been set up along the frontier, the first colonization of any kind came about as a result of the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists. The militia played a large part in the settlement.

The settlers of 1783-84 were mainly farmers from New York State, many of them from the vast holdings of Sir John Johnson of the Mohawk Valley. There were also Hessian mercenaries who had left their regiments, Germans and Hudson Valley Dutchmen. One-third of the newcomers along the St. Lawrence are said to have been German.

It was the Highland Catholics who first landed, next were the Presbyterians, with these Scots remaining together adjacent to the outlying French settlements. Then came the Germans, settling in Stormont. Last to arrive were the Dutch and English who proceeded along the river up to Kingston and on to the Bay of Quinte.

Great numbers of the eastern settlers were members of Sir John Johnson's Regiments, with those who settled in townships six, seven and part of eight belonging to the Queen's Loyal Rangers, under Captain Edward Jessup, who some years later founded Prescott.

During the Revolutionary War, Jessup's Corps, led by two brothers, operated continuously with Johnson in the Mohawk Valley. When the Jessups crossed to Canada, they joined the army of General Burgoyne, fighting with him until his surrender. Unaccountably, Burgoyne's articles of capitulation contained not a word on behalf of the loyal Jessups.

Coming first to Sorel, the Loyalists spent a grim winter in tents. It was the spring of 1784 when the largest parties set out for the upper St. Lawrence, crowding people, animals, supplies and tools into the flat-bottomed bateaux. The convoy moved slowly, sailing, poling, rowing, unloading and carrying the goods over the portages.

Travelling in brigades of twelve to twenty boats, the bateaux each carried four or five families and two or three tons of supplies. About three weeks was taken up in travelling from Lachine to Cataraqui. At the Rapids, while the women and children waded ashore and walked around the dangerous waters, the crew divided the task of guiding the boats with their poles and pulling them up the rapids with ropes tied to the bow.

At Johnstown, where each settler drew his land ticket from a hat, the officers received land along the river front, while men of lower rank were given lots farther back. Many

exchanges are known to have taken place as settlers traded or sold their tickets with a view to obtaining something more to their liking. First land was disposed of for as little as a half gallon of rum, the price of one lot.

As the bateaux moved slowly up along the shore, and a settler came to the lot he had drawn, he and his family and goods were put ashore. Then with cries of "good-bye", and "God be with you", the bateau shoved off again and moved steadily out of sight of the people standing like lost souls on a lonely shore.

But uncertainty could not be tolerated. All around glowered the dark forest where wild animals and still wilder Indians lurked. The people left behind on the spot which was to become their new home moved frantically to build a fire and some sort of shelter from the coming night. At first tents were used until such time as a log cabin could be built.

Two years before the arrival of these settlers, this area had been surveyed by Major Samuel Holland, a British officer who had given distinguished service at Louisburg, and in whose arms, he said, General Wolfe had died at the Plains of Abraham. Again in 1783, Major Holland made a trip of exploration, this time with Captain Joseph Brant and several Indians accompanying him part of the way.

Another surveyor, and a faithful friend of the Loyalists, was Captain Justus Sherwood of the Loyal Rangers.

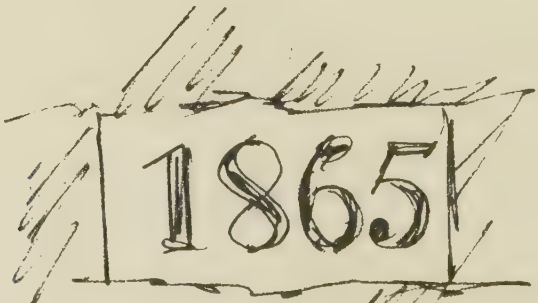
The hardships and problems confronting the Loyalists were many, Captain Jacob Maurer who, under Commissary Jones, was put in charge of distributing supplies, complained of insufficient seed, axes and clothing. Nor, said he, had he enough tents, ammunition, or food to go around. How could the settlers be expected to work as they would need to work, without food for their stomachs and warm clothing for their backs?

This north shore community was indeed a grim, bleak place in 1784. It was a place of tiny clearings in the forest, of hard labour, heavy hearts and stubborn dreams — dreams of the day when many of the hardships would have been overcome, when a few homely comforts could be enjoyed. Stiffening their backs, the Oswegatchie people worked steadily toward that day.

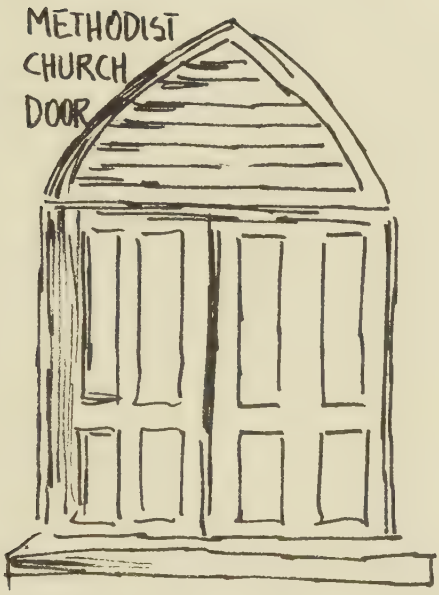
But the year 1787 brought crop failure and a meat famine to the north shore. Many tales of hardship have been handed down. One settler who landed at Weatherhead's Point that year was David Bissell of Vermont, who brought with him seed wheat. This Loyalist selected for himself a tract of land almost directly in the rear of Pointe au Baril between concessions three and five. Offered 400 acres of land for 12 bushels of wheat by a more prosperous settler, Bissell declined to profit while his neighbours suffered. He divided his surplus seed among the destitute at the price paid in plentiful years.

Misfortune visited the community again in 1832 with the outbreak of cholera. It was at this time that the people of the south shore showed true neighbourliness when a delegation crossed the river. Headed by a long-bearded doctor who drove a rattling white wagon drawn by a team of ponies, the visitors attended the stricken. Seeking out the worst cases, the doctor treated them with a mixture of powdered charcoal, maple sugar and lead taken internally. Poultices of lye made from wood ash were applied externally to relieve the cramps. Some hardy constitutions were able to survive both the cholera and the treatment.

Following cholera came depression. In Upper Canada, economic difficulties were aggravated by political unrest. The Rebellion of 1837 was brewing. After the rebellion the slump continued until the union of Upper and Lower Canada turned the tide in every community including the tiny village of Maitland.



SCHOOL DATE STONE



V

Mails and Roads

GOING TO MAITLAND FOR THE MAIL was an event of some excitement when I was very young. Father would hitch black Peggy to the buggy or cutter, and away we would go on our two mile trip to the post office at Dumbrille's general store. The beginning of rural mail delivery, while it was a great convenience was not fully appreciated in our family as it interfered with our regular trips to the village.

We had come a long way in our mail services since that first hard winter when the only mail seen by Oswegatchie settlers was that brought by old Jacques Morriseau on his long, cold trek between Montreal and Kingston. Twice that season the old mail carrier made this trip, carrying his pack on his back and sleeping wherever he was offered a bed.

Failing any invitation, Morriseau slept on a mattress of cedar boughs beside the snowy trail.

In 1766, Benjamin Franklin, Deputy Postmaster General of North America, stated before a committee of the House of Commons that the only existing post road in Canada was between Montreal and Quebec. In 1791, this post road was extended east to New Brunswick and west to Kingston. After that, a mail was sent each way every two months in winter and monthly in summer. In 1812, Barnabus Dickenson, a native of Massachusetts, came to Montreal and secured the contract for the conveyance of mails from Montreal westward. After the close of the War of 1812, Dickenson established the first line of public conveyances for passenger and mails, by boats and coaches, between Montreal and Prescott. In 1816, this service was extended to Kingston, with a covered sleigh leaving Samuel Hedges', St. Paul Street, Montreal, and Robert Walker's Hotel, Kingston, every Monday and Thursday, arriving every Wednesday and Saturday. Maitland inns accommodated travellers making these trips.

In 1830 the Post Office Department decided on a daily mail to all places on the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. In 1854 construction of the Grand Trunk Railway was begun. September 17th, 1855, saw the opening of the railroad from Montreal to Brockville. From then on there were two daily mails each day.

The Maitland post office was opened in 1828, its early name being Pointe au Baril.

While the first rides taken in four-wheeled vehicles over the hummocky roads were in ox-carts or lumber waggons, the occasional military officer was the proud owner of a gig. This was a two-wheeled carriage with body resting on two strong leather straps. A very few people had English carriages, but these were heavy vehicles, not at all suited to the terrible roads.

One of my earliest memories of the old river road is driving to Brockville with father and mother in the buggy drawn by our driving mare, Peggy. Set up around 1850, four tollgates on this road were in operation between Prescott and Brockville. The little old English gate-keeper would pop out

of his tiny house near Maitland with its geranium-filled windows. Collecting his pennies, he would open the gate, allow the carriages to pass through and then close the gate again.

Another memory of mine is that of the interminable discussions father and grandfather had over the "road work". Grandfather Thompson was a "path-master", which meant that he oversaw the work done by his neighbours in keeping the road fronting the farms in repair. A good deal of dispute attended this method of keeping up the roads, for some farmers were inclined to shirk, some visited too much, while others did the work carelessly. Sometimes the piece of road requiring the fixing was left in worse condition than before operations had begun.

With the arrival of the first motor cars in the early 1900's, a new era dawned in travelling. In 1905, one of the first automobiles to pass through Maitland was driven by F. H. Clifford who drove a new car of 25 horse power which was judged "capable of developing great speed".

The previous year, Cawthra Mulock had left Toronto for Ottawa in his big 24-horse power car. Somewhere west of Brockville a tire blew out. In order to continue the journey, the occupants of the car stuffed the tire with hay from a nearby field and proceeded on their way.

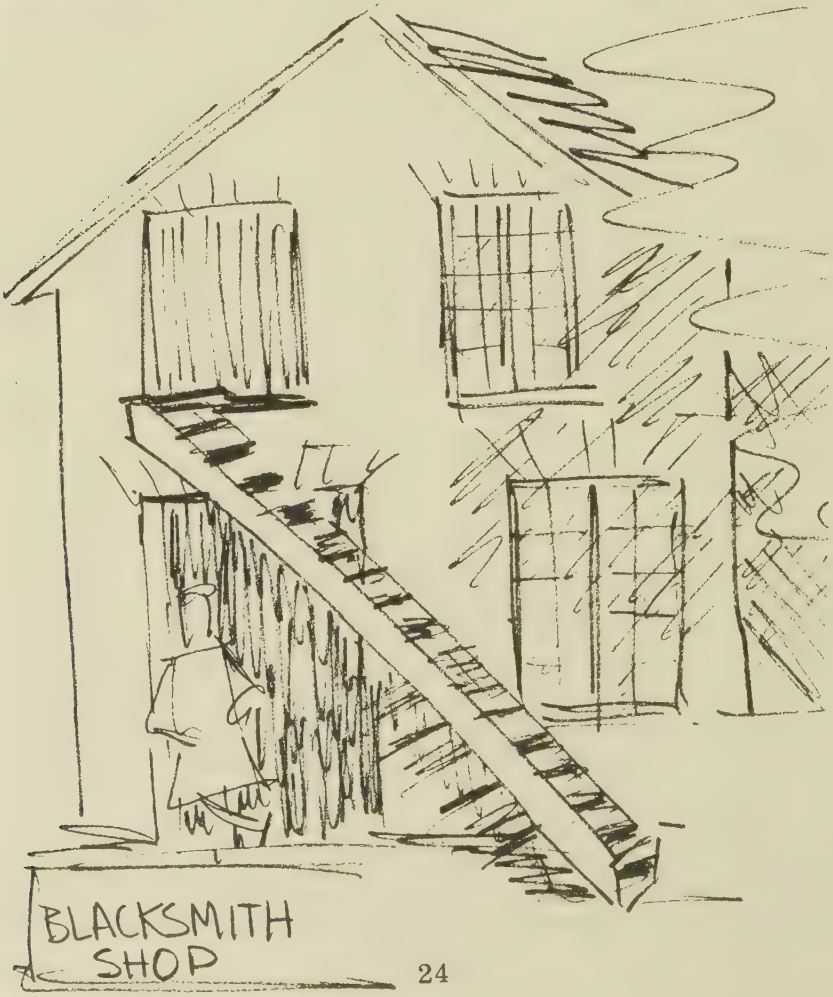
The appearance of the motor car was the occasion of a good deal of apprehension to Maitland citizens. In an effort to deal with the problem, the Leeds and Grenville Counties Council, on June 18, 1906, petitioned the Legislature to prohibit the use of automobiles on the rural roads before eight a.m. daily and on one afternoon of each week. This measure was to allow the farmers delivering their milk to the local cheese factories to make the trip there and back before the awful machines invaded the roads. On that half day, a farmer might take his wife and family to the town for visiting, without running the risk of having the horses run away and ditch the buggy in their terror of the snorting monsters tearing along the road.

It was Herbert Vance, chauffeur of D. W. Ogilvie, who faced the first traffic charge in Brockville Police Court when, on July 26, 1905, he was convicted for having driven through the streets at a speed of more than ten miles per hour.

VI

Life In The Village

DRIVING INTO MAITLAND FROM the north one crossed the railroad track, then passed a number of little houses and outbuildings. Most of these had been built by George Longley



on the small lots he laid out for Maitland's working population. On the crest of the hill, on the right, stood St. James' Anglican Church, chaste and aloof behind its trim iron fence. Directly opposite was the plain, low edifice where the Methodists worshipped, and next to it, the stone school house set close to the tiny first stone school. A little farther down the hill on the right-hand side stood "The Hall".

Although the hall in those days looked as if it might at any moment decide to just let its inner structure fold up and go down in a heap, for years it was used fairly regularly for such community endeavours as church suppers, concerts, public dances and municipal elections.

The old hall probably got a tremendous surprise on that election day when, for the first time, the women were allowed to exercise their franchise. Traditionally Conservative, this poll, judging by the turnout of Liberal voters, appeared to be for once going to show a return of a different color. At the last moment, however, the day was saved when a group of women recruited by the Conservative candidate arrived to cast their ballot in favour of A. C. Casselman. Liberal voters gathered around the hustings could only stare in consternation and gasp, "look at the women!".

While the dilapidated old hall played an important part in community life, its greatest claim to fame lay in the fact that it had been the first Masonic meeting-place in Upper Canada. In view of the historical importance, it is regrettable that the building was demolished some years ago when it became unsafe for use.

Not only did Maitland have the first Masonic Lodge building in Ontario, but it was also the point at which Free Masonry entered this part of the province from across the border. One early Masonic meeting was that held on November 13, 1787, when the New Oswegatchie Lodge met at the home of Justus Sherwood. The first public Masonic procession in Upper Canada was held on December 27, 1810, near Maitland by the members of Harmony Lodge.

Another pioneer building which played an active part in Maitland life was the blacksmith shop, which has now been turned into an attractive dwelling belonging to Miss G. Baker. For some years the only evidence of the building's

early character was the old bellows suspended by an iron arm at the front of the residence. This was the bellows which blacksmith J. P. Baker (no relation to the present owner) used for almost a half century.

When Jonathan Black was granted this property by the Crown, he built what was to be the first and has been the only blacksmith shop in the village. Changing hands several times, the shop remained longest in the hands of J. P. Baker, who was the smithy when my father made his periodical trips to the village to have his horses shod or a repair made to some piece of iron farm equipment.

Waiting on warm, sunny days in the buggy while father tied black Peggy to the hitching post and joined the customers and loiterers waiting around the door, I would watch Mr. Baker as he set waggon tires on an old grinding-stone at the side of the shop, or pounded a horseshoe into shape on the red-hot anvil inside the building. Today the old grinding stone serves as a doorstep at the side entrance of the residence.

Next to the store and hotel, the blacksmith shop probably attracted the widest cross-section of people who came to the village. Political issues, local gossip and yarns formed from the main topics at "The Shop". On summer evenings, the place took on the aspect of a men's club as neighbours gathered by the road side to play a game of quoits. Often heated arguments arose which were usually amicably settled before darkness ended the contests.

For many years, the blacksmith shop made its special contributions to the May Day celebration. On the Queen's Birthday, J. P. Baker, with the aid of any men who happened to be near, would carry the smaller anvil out to the roadside. After filling the hole with gunpowder and driving in a wooden plug, the blacksmith would "Fire the Anvil", by touching it off with a long iron rod heated in the forge. The resulting "bang", could, of course, be heard throughout the village. None of the wooden plugs so fired were ever found after.

The MacDowell family brought honour to Maitland, not only by military distinction but also by beginning in their village plant the first manufacturing industry of diabetic foods in Ontario. It all began when Francis Charles Ireland

became a diabetic. Forced to give up his vocation of preaching, Mr. Ireland, who was a Bachelor of Science, went to England for a time, and while there began experimenting with the manufacture of a cereal product. This foodstuff he called "Manna", because it saved him from a diabetic's death by virtue of having its harmful constituents removed. He also invented the process for making rolled oats as a breakfast food.

The effects of this cereal being so encouraging, Mr. Ireland returned to Canada where he set up the Jireh Food Company at Maitland, using as his trade-mark the Old Tower as seen on the present-day package.

For some years the cereal product was manufactured in the village and the lives of many diabetics were prolonged by the use of this starch-free porridge. When the business was moved to Brockville, it was expanded to include the manufacture of many other diabetic products. In later years, the industry has been operated by grandsons of Francis Ireland, the MacDowell brothers. A branch to serve the American is maintained at Ogdensburg, New York.

Maitland's importance was pin-pointed when the covers of the first packages containing this food were stamped with this advertisement: "Jireh Food. With offices in London, Paris and New York. Head office, Maitland."

Almost across the road from the blacksmith shop stood one of Maitland's early hotels. Known for many years as "Pat Doyle's" or the "Dominion", this long, yellow-sided building made its peculiar contribution to the village life, although scarcely in as innocent or useful capacity as the store and the shop. Liquor flowed freely in those days, and it was not uncommon for the less temperate of the population to go reeling home from "Doyle's", sometimes to homes where the cupboard was bare due to too frequent visits at the bar.

In proprietor Doyle's time, a stranger came to Maitland one day. Meeting one of the village characters on the road, the visitor remarked: "Lovely little village you have here. I suppose only good Christian people live here. Is that so?" Looking the stranger over quizzically, the native replied: "Nope! There's only me and Pat Doyle, and sometimes I ha'e my doots about Pat Doyle".

Another tale associated with the hotel concerns the old toll-gate keeper known for years simply as "Porter". Sitting at the bar in Doyle's one day, Porter bet a stranger that he could turn a glass of ale into porter, the price of the bet being the cost of a glass of ale. The stranger immediately took up the bet, after which the gate-keeper proceeded to pour the drink down his own throat, chuckling at the stranger's discomfiture.

While Maitland was a very tiny place, it has always possessed enough to make life full and exciting. In early days, it had Tory aristocracy, a sprinkling of Liberal dissenters, a store, a blacksmith shop, school, hotels, a railway station, and even an industry or two. It also had the blue waters of the St. Lawrence lapping at its very doors. And on the hill, looking down like a watchful father, stood St. James' with its ivy-clad stone walls, square tower and sweet-toned bell.

VII

The Stone House Man

ALTHOUGH ZIBA PHILLIPS IS KNOWN as the Father of Maitland it was George Longely's artistic taste in architecture which left its permanent mark on the village. The several old stone houses of distinction and the tall stone tower remain today as silent witnesses to the character of the man who, in all truth, put Maitland on the map. This he did by creating a bustle and boom such as this locality had never seen before and has never known since.

George Longley, who was born in England and came to Canada as a young man, was first engaged in the timber-buying business in Quebec. As timber suitable for masts and spars for the King's navy was becoming harder to find in Lower Canada, Longley was sent as an agent of the Royal Navy to scout for trees along the upper St. Lawrence.

This need for Canadian oak and pine was a by-product of the French Revolution. When the British were fighting Napoleon at the beginning of the 19th century, they were shut off from supplies of lumber from the forests of northern Europe. So it was that Britain turned to Canada for the wood she needed for her ships and masts. For nearly fifty years, great numbers of squared logs from the forests of Ontario were sent to the port of Quebec to be shipped across the Atlantic to England's shipyards.

The Maitland area being rich in its great oak and pine, it appealed to Longley as being an excellent place to make his home. Applying for and being granted 500 acres of land, he became an important timber dealer, mill owner and farmer. In addition to his farm, he laid out lots for the small holdings all along Church Street as far as the Second Concession.

It was around 1812 when Longley arrived at Maitland. At first the young agent was very busy locating trees, which his men marked with an arrow-shaped cut called the King's Arrow. Once it bore this stamp, the tree might not be cut for any other purpose. All the trees felled in this district were hauled to Maitland, where they were made into rafts and started on their floating journey down the river to Quebec.

Maitland residents became accustomed to seeing great rafts floating past during those years, for not only was the Leeds and Grenville timber set afloat here, but all the wood from Delano Dexter Calvin's little timber empire at Garden Island passed these shores on its trip to Quebec.

Calvin, who employed 600 to 700 men, did an annual business of around $1,500,000. To watch Calvin's rafts going down the stream, manned by the Frenchmen and Indian half-breeds who were so expert at taking them through the rapids, was something of a sight.

In 1828, Longley built the tall, stone tower which is still a landmark and is modelled after the one at Windmill Point below Prescott. But while the Prescott mill did a fairly satisfactory job at grinding corn, Longley's refused to work excepting when the wind blew from a south-westerly direction.

Not to be defeated by a balky windmill, Longley imported from England the first steam engine ever to turn a wheel in Upper Canada. More and more buildings shot up

on the point, and soon the Maitland miller had a flour mill doing a business which steadily increased until it became the largest milling industry west of the Ottawa River. As steamboats made their appearance on the river, wharves and warehouses also sprang up. Soon Maitland dockers were handling more freight than any others along the shore, as boats loaded up with flour and pushed off for points up and down the St. Lawrence.

A letter written by George Longley to C. J. McDonald at Gananoque sheds some light on the milling business:

Maitland, 11th Feby. 1840

Messrs. C & J McDonald and Co.

Gentl.

I have had all the last wheat re-weighed including what was sent to Montreal & four bushels sold which turned out to be the above quantity . . . 1402 51/100 and from what has been ground it would amount to 31-S and 5d per bbll allowing the offel (sic. offal) for grinding and trouble. I think the above statement would be about fair as what I have paid for the bill of exchange and loss of interest will exceed the 5% what it was sold for.

I should think you ought to reduce the freight to the quantity now weighed and not to allow the salvage of the wheat that remains behind should cover that part of the difference of freight £9-11-0, Salvage 35 which will nearly make these (sic. the) A/C balance. I hope you will think the above reasonable as we are selling common flour here at 12/6 cwt. Wheat is much superior to what it will make. The bran has also been bad. The animals do not like to eat it because being kiln dried. Should you approve of the above I will accept this arrangement and free you from all responsibility. My health is better the last few days.

I am Gentl -

Yours very truly

GEORGE LONGLEY

But lumbering and milling could not confine this Englishman's interests. Not content until he had extended his farming operations, he brought out some of the first pure-bred Durham cattle to appear in Upper Canada. Longley placed Archibald McDougall in charge of his herd of 60 cows, and it was he who manufactured the first cheese made in any quantity in this locality.

Work on the Rideau Canal, which was begun in 1829, added to Maitland's boom as all supplies slated for Merrickville and vicinity were unloaded here and moved out the roads to the north by team and sleigh.

Maitland's post office was also a busy place for some

years, for the boats which carried the mail unloaded here. The mail was then delivered by team through the bush to points as far away as Bytown.

While George Longley was lumbering, milling and farming, he also found time to indulge his artistic temperment by planning some of the most distinguished stone houses in Upper Canada. "Maplehurst", still lovely in line and detail, but gradually falling into decay, has been described by an authority as "the most perfect example of a colonial house in Canada."

Situated at the crest of a hill overlooking the river, at the end of a long, tree-lined avenue, Maplehurst had some 20 rooms, including a ballroom and quarters for servants. The marble fireplaces, walnut panelling and exquisite flower mouldings of the ceilings belong to an age that is gone.

When the land on the south side of the Longley estate was sold, it was to a firm of distillers who later horrified Maitland by their shady business methods and their unhappy ending.

At first, the boom continued. While the distillery was in operation, the whole point was covered with buildings with the long stables housing as many as 1,000 head of cattle at a time, brought in to fatten on the refuse of the industry. The distillers built a tall brick chimney near the tower, and on the day of its completion in 1863, startled residents trembled to see the stone-mason walking unsteadily around the top of the structure, drinking a quart of whiskey as he made his perilous way. The chimney was demolished with dynamite on March 15, 1909.

In the summer of 1878, a terrific wind and rain storm raged through the village, tearing down the "Old Rye" sign on the now deserted distillery. Some time later the buildings belonging to this bankrupt firm were torn down and the land reverted to the Longley estate.

George Longely married Ruth Wells, daughter of William Wells, who was also a lumberman of no small importance. Three children were born to them, but only one, George Canning, lived to grow up and inherit the large estate left by his aggressive father. A book-lover, this son collected one of the finest libraries to be found in this part of Canada.

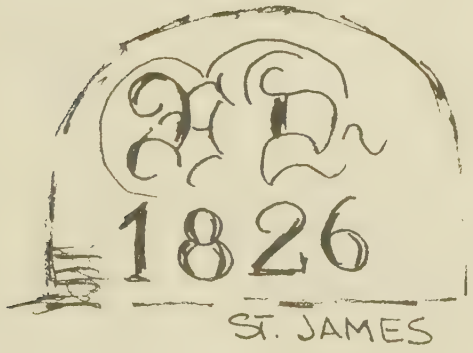
In 1842, George Longley senior took a trip back to England. And there he suddenly died, at Gravesend. He was in his 54th year. Today, artists from far distant points visit Maitland to sketch Longley's picturesque windmill, and the dignified old stone houses which reveal the character of this man far more than can any account of his business transactions.

The first house Longley built for himself was at Pointe au Baril, where the fine Webster residence now stands. George Canning also lived there, after he was married to Miss Sarah Jane Hervey on June 4, 1856.

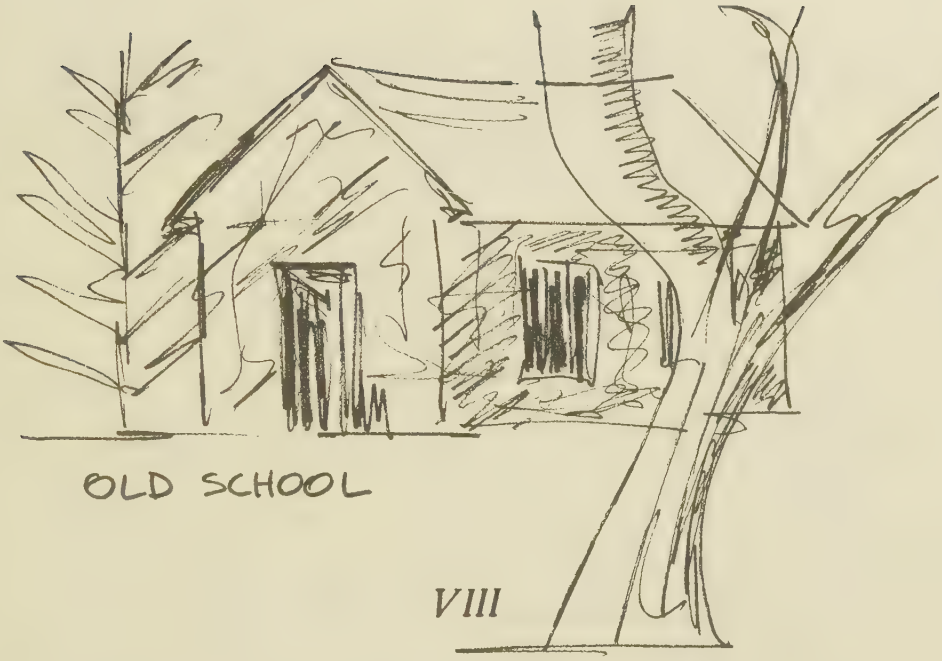
Today this property, like most of Maitland's landmarks, maintains its air of detached aloofness. This atmosphere is due, partly at least, to age. For Pointe au Baril was old long before Maitland was born.

Sometimes when the wind sighs through Pointe au Baril's ancient pines, one imagines that mingling with the whisper is a song from the throats of a hundred voyageurs as their canoes come drifting in along the shores:

"En-voy-ons d'l'a-vant nos gens!
En-voy-ons d'l'a-vant!"



MAITLAND SCHOOLS



The Village School

MAITLAND'S FIRST SITE OF LEARNING, opened in 1788, was housed in the old officer's mess of the French habitation. Built in 1759, of logs, this building survived to have the unique privilege of becoming Ontario's first schoolhouse. The teacher was Asa Starkweather, who drew up the subscription list for signers John Jones, Oliver Sweet, Elijah Bottum, Benoni Wiltse, Ziba Phillips and Henry Cross.

The list of school supplies was modest:

2 doz. Major's spelling	£1		
2 doz. readers	£1	15s	
½ doz. Walker's dicty.	£1	2s	
1 doz. toy books		4s	
1 doz. pictures		2s	6d
1 common prayer book		6s	
TOTAL	£4	9s	6d

Quebec, as this area was then known, was not able to provide school books, the order had to be brought from Utica, New York, and Albany, by traders from across the border.

The list of subscribers, including names from Edwardsburg, Augusta and Elizabeth, reads:

List of Bones and Notes

(A "BONE" meant an I.O.U. and is derived from the French "bon" (good)

Daniel Smith, bone for 8 bus corn
David Bissell, Jr., bone for four pounds
David Bissell Sr., £5
George Cornwallis, bone 9s. 9d.
David Bissell, Sr., bone 13s. 10d.
H. McIlmoyle, 3s. 3d.
Andrew Sulter, 20 bus. India corn
Samuel Smades, note for £13 5s. in March wheat
H. Cross, bone 19/10

The first school building was soon abandoned for something better. Pupils came to this new school, erected a little farther to the west, from many miles distant, although parents who could afford to do so preferred to send their children to the school operated by Bishop Strachan at Cornwall. Here the sons of Dr. Solomon Jones were educated.

By 1799, Maitland had two schools, one taught by Sheriff Sherwood for children of half-pay officers, and the other in charge of Price French, for the offspring of the poor settlers.

Not until 1807 did the first statute for the establishment of government supported schools come into effect. In that year also came government recognition of the Augusta school. Dr. Solomon Jones, being elected trustee, was enjoined to make certain as to the loyalty of the teacher before hiring.

After the arrival in 1814 of the Rev. John Bethune, who was later made Dean of Montreal, the Maitland school became known as the Johnstown Grammar School, with the subjects taught being reading, history, arithmetic and spelling. Later geography and grammar were added.

An amusing rhyme to come out of this place of learning

voiced a protest against the long sessions and few holidays.

PETITION FOR A HALF DAY'S PLAY

Encouraged by our last success,
We hope a holiday to gain,
And if you should not acquiesce,
We'd have no reason to complain.

2nd

For now it is two months and past,
Since we have had a play day last,
And this is but the second time
That we have sought it with a rhyme.

October 30th, 1805.

While Dr. Bethune was Master of the Grammar School, pupils walked from Brockville and Prescott to receive their education here. It is said that among these were the Jessup boys of Prescott. In 1819, the Augusta Grammar School was moved to Brockville where it later developed into the Brockville Collegiate Institute.

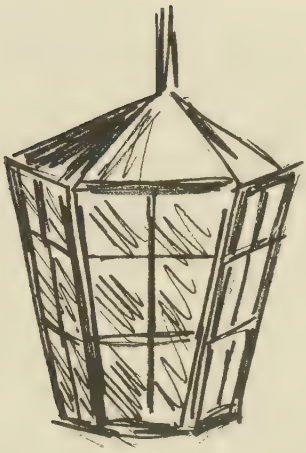
For a time Maitland also boasted an academy or boarding school for young ladies and gentlemen. An advertisement issued in 1833 by W. Millar sets forth the fee as being £36 per annum, with the students furnishing their own bedding and paying for their laundry. This school was located near Weatherhead's Point in the big stone dwelling which in after years was turned into a barn.

In those days, the teacher was greatly looked up to in the community. When he wasn't teaching the three R's and using the birch rod, he was often settling neighbourhood disputes or occupying the pulpit.

An old account book from the Dumbrille store reveals the vanities of one teacher. Back in 1879, Mr. I. W. Maxwell, out of his stipend of £50 for the year, purchased over a seven month period: Down's elixir .25c; razor .75; cuffs and tie .50; straw hat .60; 1 pr. drawers $1; 1 pr. shoes $2.75; pr. socks .25; perfumery .50; powder .15; calf boots $4; Scotch cap .50; 6 yds. Scotch tweed $1.50; umbrella .80; boat and 2 pr. oars $7.

How often Mr. Maxwell found time to use his new boat, no one knows, but in his Scotch cap and tweeds he must have cut quite a swell on the village roads.

LARGE BARN ON LEFT IS
SITE OF MAITLAND ACADEMY



IX

The Village Store

IN 1838 ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Richard Dumbrill wanted to see what awful thing was happening at the Battle of the Windmill Point, in which his father, the elder Richard, was taking part; so he climbed to the top of George Longley's windmill tower, and from there watched the smoke and heard the reports of artillery in this last event of the "Patriot War".

That same year Richard was a member in a schoolboy volunteer company in Maitland. When he grew up, Richard became a general merchant in the village store which has operated under Dumbrille proprietorship ever since. Even today there is a Richard Dumbrille running the village store in partnership with his father, Clifford F. Dumbrille, who in earlier days was in partnership with his father. The Dumbrille family is as solidly and permanently a part of Maitland as is St. James' Church where this family have been faithful members throughout most of the church's life-time.

The Dumbrills, or Le Dumbrilles, were French Huguenots who sought refuge in Sussex in 1698. Richard, father of the windmill climber, came to Canada in 1826, bringing with him his bride of a few months. This young man, who was a landscape gardener, secured as his first work in Canada the laying out of the grounds of Government House at Quebec, then known as "Spencerwood."

It was the year 1836 when the family moved to Maitland. Packed in the Durham boat that brought them up the St. Lawrence were all their dearest possessions, including the solid oak chest which Martha, the bride, had brought from England to hold her treasures, including her wedding gown. This chest is now a precious possession of the Canadian author, Dorothy Dumbrille. On the way up the river, young Richard added to the excitement by falling overboard and having to be fished out by an oarsman.

In Maitland, on the corner now occupied by the drugstore, the Dumbrills established "Dumbrill Inn", otherwise known as "The Halfway House". Here the stage coaches stopped on their way from Montreal to Kingston and York. Horses were changed here, and travellers dined and rested before proceeding on their journey. Maitland residents are sure that Lord and Lady Elgin rested here in 1858 when they travelled from Montreal to Kingston by stage coach.

A nephew of Richard, John Dumbrille, followed his uncle to Canada in 1852, after receiving his appointment as agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, 62 miles of which had been built in 1850. With John came his wife, his brother, William, their father and mother, and sister, Abigail, with her family. Crossing in a sailing vessel, the emigrants were six weeks at sea.

Richard took his departure from Maitland in 1857, going first to Thorold and then to Strathroy. In time John Dumbrille became owner of one of the beautiful stone houses that had been built by George Longley. Called "Deep Doorways" by the Canadian writer, Dorothy Dumbrille, the dignified old residence stands some distance up the hill from the spot where the first store was built. John Dumbrille later bought the present-day store which had originally been a dwelling. The first store has long since disappeared.

John Dumbrille was a busy, public-spirited citizen. In 1861 we find him a lieutenant in the Grenville Militia. In 1874 he was Reeve of Augusta; in 1876, Warden of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. Besides operating a general store, he also served as Postmaster, agent for the Montreal Telegraph Company, licensed druggist, justice of the peace and a commissioner for taking affidavits. It is no exaggerat-

ion to say that whatever need might arise in the village, the solution was pretty certain to be "Go to Dumbrilles".

Living in Alexandria, Ontario, writer Dorothy Dumbrille still finds Maitland one of the most interesting small places she has known. Her father, the late Venerable Archdeacon R. J. Dumbrille, chose to spend the last years of his life in this small village he had loved as a boy.

The Dumbrille store has without doubt played a more active part in the life of the community than any other local institution. For here gathered young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner, overalled farmer and white-collared retired men. A glimpse through an old account book dated 1879 is like looking through a window at the life of that period.

For the little childless wife known as "Emmie", who looked so like a dainty figurine, there were button shoes at $1.15; 3 yds. of lace .90c; ½ yd. of velvet .75c; remnant of ribbon, .60c. She would make herself pretty for the little man she adored with these bits of finery.

Purchases in those days were necessarily very simple. Just such things as oatmeal, soda crackers, candles, flour, tea, butter, sarsaparilla, brooms, washboards, calico, corsets and five cents worth of horehound candy or a bottle of wine. Some people "worked out" their store bills. For one week's washing, a widow received .50 cents. Housework was worth .50 cents a week, cleaning .50 cents. A farmer might bring in a quarter of butchered lamb and receive .60 cents. For apples, he would get .50 cents a bushel.

For many years, when the store remained open evenings, unofficial civic Parliament met nightly, passing opinions on all important affairs of state. And while the cracker barrel and the evening gatherings are no more, Dumbrilles is still the general meeting-place as residents come every afternoon to collect their mail including Ontario's oldest newspaper, the Brockville "Recorder and Times", first published on January 16, 1821.

No longer a grocery store, Dumbrille's is today a modern electrical business. But the fourth generation of this family continues to serve in the capacity of Postmaster. Maitland people still go to Dumbrille's for their mail.

It is said that in John Dumbrille's day the custom was to

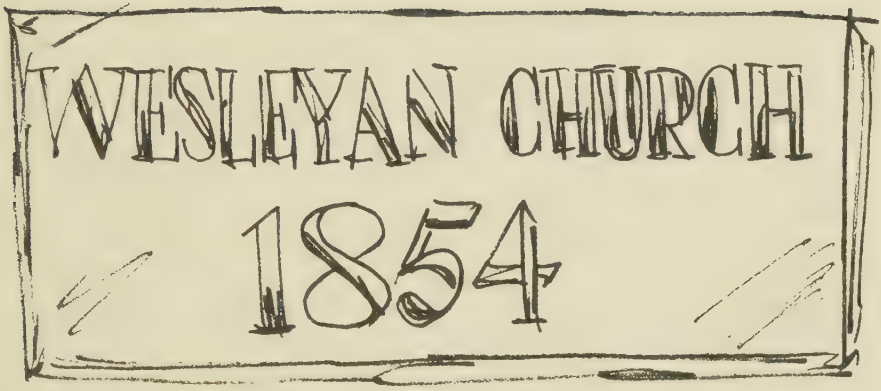
keep one tin of each product on the shelf. As the article was sold, the store-keeper would go to the warehouse, select another tin or package, dust it carefully and place it in the open space on the shelf.

At the time when the Borst and Halliday distillery was in operation on the Point, John Dumbrille was Collector of Customs at Maitland. Approached by a representative of the firm and asked if he would agree to keeping two sets of books in order that the business might evade paying revenue, John heatedly replied he would resign before he would be guilty of such dishonesty.

Not to be outdone, the distillers smuggled the whiskey across the river. When the law caught up with them, one partner resigned while the other fled to New York City. But even in those days the police knew how to get their man. When the heavy rap from the arm of the law sounded on the door behind which the refugee was in hiding, Halliday put a revolver to his head and shot himself. Thus ended one phase of Maitland's industrial life.

The present proprietor, Clifford Dumbrille, who lives at "Deep Doorways", has also on occasion had an encounter with crooks. One such instance, a decade or so ago, was that in which he set off in pursuit of a couple of thieves, following them across fields, hopping a ride on the same freight-train on which they had taken refuge, and finally cornering them with the assistance of Dr. Webster in some bushes near the river. The culprits were taken into custody and delivered up to the authorities by their determined captor who saw no reason for allowing outlaws to run at large.

Throughout the years Maitland has had other general store operators. The one I particularly recall is Ross Thompson who for some years ran the grocery on the corner, and who is remembered for his good humour, his generosity with sticks of striped peppermint candy and the fact that he had one startingly blue glass eye. While father bought the sugar and flour I sat on a high stool licking my candy stick and looking at the proprietor's glass eye which always seemed to twinkle just a little more brightly than the real eye. Going "out to Thompson's" was a real event in the life of this pigtailed shopper.



X

The Village Churches

HIGH ON THE HILL, LOOKING benignly down on the village, stands St. James' Anglican Church. Built in 1826, this stone edifice is the oldest and best preserved Anglican church in the present diocese of Ontario, and the oldest church edifice in Canada's Seaway Valley.

St. James', which contains two of the original quaint square pews, and with its beautiful stained-glass windows and furnishings which have been given as memorials by members, has its memories. John A. Macdonald is said to have knelt here when, as a young lawyer, he acted for the prosecution in the notorious Borst and Halliday distillery case. The governors of Upper Canada visited this place as they made their way up and down the river trail on horseback. It is also said that in 1860, when King Edward VII made his last visit to Canada, he requested that he might visit the quaint little church where so many of the early settlers from Britain had worshipped.

During the years between 1783 and 1791, while church services were conducted in private homes in Augusta town-

ship by visiting Church of England clergymen, the marriage ceremony and other religious rites were performed by the magistrate, Dr. Solomon Jones.

The first Anglican clergyman to hold services in the two counties was the Reverend John Stuart. Coming up from Montreal to Kingston in 1784, this clergyman gave Johnstown its name, in honor of the famed Johnsons of the Mohawk Valley. It was Dr. Stuart who, in 1786, opened the first academy at Cataraqui. This is the clergyman who was the last missionary to the Mohawks.

Prior to 1814 the Reverend John Strachan, who constructed a private school at Cornwall and later became the first Bishop of Toronto, held services at the Blue Church and in private homes in Augusta township.

It was the year 1814 when the Reverend John Bethune became the first resident clergyman to be stationed in the parish comprising Elizabethtown, Augusta and Edwardsburg. On a warm Sunday in July, Dr. Bethune held the first service in the little Blue Church which had been built in 1791. When the parish was divided in 1821, the Reverend Robert Blakey assumed charge of the eastern portion composed of Augusta and Edwardsburg.

Robert Blakey was the rector when St. James' was built. Coming to Canada from England as a missionary of the Church of England, Mr. Blakey built "Pine Grove", the stone house which still graces Blakey's point near the Blue Church. Mr. Blakey brought from England many handsome furnishings, rare old pieces of china and silver, and paintings by such artists as Gainsborough and Constable. In his library were to be found 17th century first editions.

With a parish which extended from Cornwall to Brockville along the river, and as far north as he cared to travel, Mr. Blakey became a familiar figure as he rode horseback over his vast field.

A few years prior to this clergyman's arrival, a site close to the Blue Church had been laid out, under Sir Frederick Haldimand's order, for a town of Augusta close to the little Blue Church. This was a dream town which never materialized. Sometimes now, passing that corner where Augusta was to have grown, one almost imagines that the roofs and

spires of this ghost town can be seen.

The proposed site for Augusta intrigued the Anglican clergyman for a time. He soon saw, however, that Augusta was doomed to never be born. For both the newly-named village of Maitland and Major Jessup's Prescott were growing rapidly. The clergyman had taken particular notice of Maitland where he liked the physical features. Up at the brow of the hi l, on the military road leading back toward the Rideau settlements, appeared to be a perfect site for a church. Here in 1826, he began to build St. James' on land given by George Longley.

The masonry of these fine stone walls was done by that expert worker in stone, John Shephard. The first trustees of the church were Samuel Thomas, Charles Lemon, Robert Blakey, George Longley and Dunham Jones. When the building was completed in 1832, Dunham Jones and George Longley were made the first wardens.

For many years Mr. Blakey carried on his work at St. James' with a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and zeal. On March 24, 1858, he died, and was buried in the Blue Church burial ground. His granddaughter, Miss Constance Skinner, lived at beautiful "Maplehurst" in Maitland until her death.

The burial ground of St. James' is not without its interesting stories. One weathered slab tells us that here lies Margaret, wife of Richard Arnold and daughter of Samuel Weatherhead of Augusta, Upper Canada, who died on June 10, 1835, at the age of 47 years. Margaret Arnold was the daughter-in-law of Benedict Arnold, that notorious traitor of the American Revolution. What heartaches perhaps lie buried in this quiet village grave.

Inside the iron fence, close to the road, stands the quaint little mausoleum with its three locks. Three people are buried here. The Reverend Richard Lewis, his wife Lila, and his unmarried sister who was known as "Aunt Nannie". At the time of the earliest burial, the first padlock was put on. After the second burial, the second was added. When the third funeral took place, a third lock was slipped into place, after which the three keys were carried down the hill and thrown into the St. Lawrence River.

The Rev. Richard Lewis was not without his other idio-

syncracies. It was said that he kept all his sermons in a barrel, and on a Sunday morning he would reach into the barrel and grasp the first his fingers encountered. So it was that neither the clergyman or congregation knew in advance what the subject of the sermon would be.

My family being Methodists, my earliest memories include the little roughcast church across the road from St. James'. Built in 1854, it arrived too late to know the ministry of the early circuit-rider preachers. It did, however, number among its members some distinguished and even famous people, among these being the three MacDowell brothers who were decorated in the first Great War.

Of Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. MacDowell, the "London Gazette" on June 8, 1917, had this to say: "Lt.-Col. T. W. MacDowell, V.C., D.S.O., at that time holding rank of Major in the 38th Canadian Battalion, received the Victoria Cross for most conspicuous bravery and indomitable resolution in face of heavy machine gun and shell fire. By his initiative and courage, this officer, with the assistance of two runners, was enabled, in the face of great difficulties, to capture two machine guns, besides two officers, and 75 men. Although wounded in the hand, he continued for five days to hold the position gained, in spite of heavy shell fire until eventually relieved by his Battalion. By his bravery and prompt action, succeeded in rounding up a very strong enemy machine post".

Two others of the four brothers in khaki were decorated: Major Cuyler MacDowell, by France, with Croix de Guerre, for bravery; and Lt.-Colonel Merrill MacDowell, with the Military Cross. Merrill, from 1920 to 1925, and his brother, Lt.-Col. Newell Macdowell from 1936 to 1943, were former Commanding Officers of the famed Brockville Rifles.

The father of these famous brothers had died while serving a country circuit as a Methodist preacher. In the little Maitland church, the mother continued to serve the Lord as she played the wheezing old organ, taught in the Sunday School and brought up her sons and one daughter in the way they should go.

While no Methodist church was in Maitland prior to 1854, services were held in the homes by such well-known circuit-riders as the Reverend Losee, the first Methodist preach-

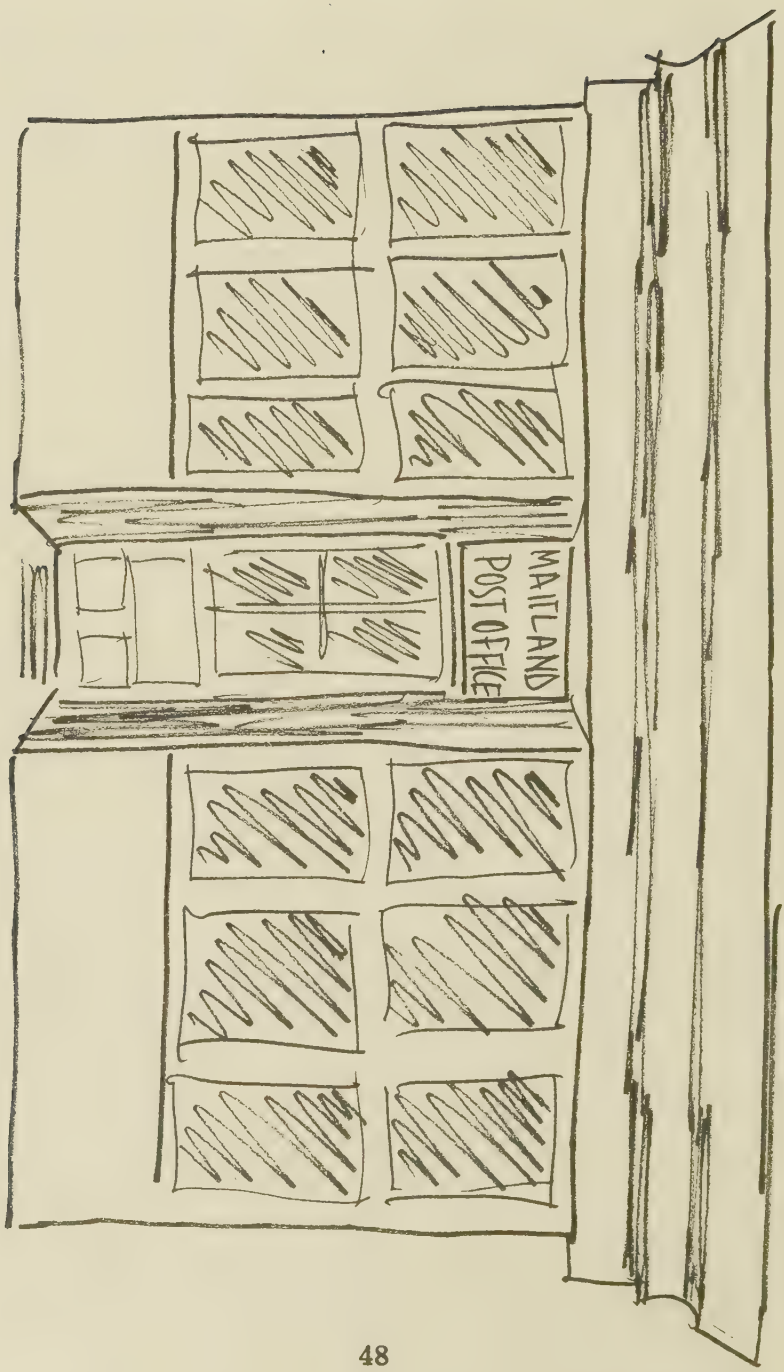
er in the area, the Reverend Darius Dunham and "Father Keeler". The year 1791 had seen the arrival of the first circuit riders. Sent to Upper Canada by the Methodist Church of the United States, these landed at Hay Bay in the Quinte Area.

A great event in the life of Methodism in this district was occasioned by the visit, in 1811, of Bishop Asbury, the John Wesley of the United States. Crossing into Canada at Cornwall, the good Bishop travelled westward, visiting the area at the homes of Paul Glassford, in Matilda, Father Dulmage, the Heck family and David Breakenridge. Delighted with the Maitland Methodists, the Bishop said: "My soul is much united to them".

While Maitland had no other churches, the Reverend William Smart, first Presbyterian minister in the district, became well known here as he travelled from Gananoque to Cornwall and from the St. Lawrence northward to Perth. When he started a Sunday School in Elizabethtown in 1811, Adiel Sherwood became the first superintendent.

A priest of the Roman Catholic Church, the Reverend Alexander MacDonnell, became a familiar figure here, too, as he called on the Roman Catholic families on his way through to Kingston from Glengarry. For ten years this priest had the whole Roman Catholic population of the province under his charge, travelling from Lower Canada as far west as Lake Superior. He was highly respected by people of all faiths throughout his territory.

Today Maitland has one church. St. James', having been loved long and well, has grown more lovely with the years. Standing there above the village, St. James' is more than the Anglican church. It is, in a very real sense, Maitland, as it keeps its tryst with both the past and future.


MAITLAND
POST OFFICE

XI

Bullet Holes In The Attic

IF ANY OLD HOUSE COULD BE entitled to a ghost all its own, it would be "Jehial Hurd's Tavern," two miles north of the village. Built in 1805 on land which had been designated as military land, the thick-walled stone inn had been shelter to people from all walks of life. Travellers bound for the Rideau settlements slept there. The Rev. John Bethune, who became the first Dean of Montreal in 1850, held worship ser-

vices there. The Rev. John Strachan conducted Anglican church services within these walls.

Early Masonic meetings were held in the Hurd Tavern. And it is said that General Isaac Brock slept under this roof when the militia travelled this road to avoid detection by the forces across the river.

Jehial Hurd was a magistrate in Augusta township, where he died on April 2nd, 1829, aged 68 years. The house and farm became the property of Captain Daniel Collins, and before the turn of the century was purchased by William R. Collier whose descendants live there now, the farm being known as "Locust Farm".

Jehial Hurd's Tavern had some claim to fame, but to another old stone dwelling was granted the distinction of having bullet holes in the attic. Built early in the last century by a Loyalist, William Wells, "Poplar Hall" of Georgian design, with its rectangular foundation, is one of the most outstanding of the stone houses along the river.

William Wells was a native of New Hampshire who, despite the fact that his father was a Revolutionist, took his stand with the Crown. He was only 19 when he came up the St. Lawrence and took up the land he was granted near Mallorytown. After living there briefly, Wells came to Augusta and settled on the land where Poplar Hall now stands.

William had left a sweetheart in the States, and in 1799 he went back to marry Sarah Clough, a girl from Salem, Massachusetts. The big stone house is the home William built for his bride.

All during his lifetime, timber was Wells' chief interest. Leasing two islands from the Indians, Wells laid these out in farms to rent to tenants. Known now as Wellesley and Grindstone Islands, these lands were subsequently ceded to the United States, with Wells receiving no compensation for his personal losses.

Wells extended his lumber interests north to the Rideau and Ottawa rivers. Finding some time for politics, he became one of the Commissioners of the Peace in the old Johnstown district, and he also served as a magistrate.

When the War of 1812 broke out, Wells was a Captain

in the Grenville Militia. Under command of Captain Forsythe, the enemy crossed the river at a time when the ice provided good marching conditions. Surrounding the Wells home, the Americans opened fire, then taking Wells prisoner, carried him back to Ogdensburg. The house was held by the Americans until ousted by the Grenville troops. Captain Wells remained a prisoner until his parole in 1814.

A radical Liberal living in a Tory stronghold, William Wells the second, who for 13 years prior to the Rebellion of 1837 represented Grenville in the Legislative Assembly, was the man who accompanied Robert Baldwin and Dr. Charles Duncombe to England to make representation to the Colonial Office regarding the unsatisfactory administration of Sir Frances Bond Head.

Expelled from the Assembly in 1837, William Benjamin Wells fled to the United States, not returning under amnesty until 1850. A brother, Isaac Brock Wells, built a big house not far from Poplar Hall, where he lived some years prior to becoming postmaster for Maitland. Isaac Brock Wells became Customs Collector a few years later, when Maitland had become the busiest port along the river.

Through the years, Poplar Hall was home to several different families. At times it stood grey and withdrawn with bleak eyes staring toward the river. Today, improved and renovated, the stately dwelling is a house of distinction, but still nursing its bullet holes in the attic.

XII

Contraband In The Fireplace

NOT FAR FROM POPLAR HALL is the spot where, until a few years ago, stood the home of Daniel Mackenzie, the oldest house on the north shore between Maitland and Prescott. One of the tales concerning this old place is that the fireplace chimney had a secret chamber where hiding was provided for contraband goods smuggled across the river.

Daniel Mackenzie, the owner, was a cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the greatest non-Frenchman in the annals of North American exploration. Daniel went with Alexander on that famous cross-continent trek from ocean to ocean and entered the service of the Northwest Trading Company in 1790. A year later, he was at Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska. Five more years, and he was a partner in the North West Company. One of the partners arrested by Lord Selkirk in 1816, he was later released.

The year 1817 found Daniel in Montreal. A year later he published the letter which is now labelled as one of the rarest items in literature relating to the Selkirk controversy. Daniel retired from the fur trade about this time, and it was to this community that he came where he spent the last years of an eventful life.

Daniel had left Montreal for mainly one reason. He had married an Indian girl, and his wife was not accepted in the Montreal society. The adventurer's life ended, dismally enough, when he fell from a waggon on his way home from Prescott where he had visited the local saloon. Strangely, his obituary notice stated that the deceased was a native of "Augusta, North Carolina". Daniel is buried in the Blue Church cemetery.

East of the Mackenzie farm is the spot where the first post office, one of seven in Upper Canada, was opened in Augusta in 1790 with John Jones as postmaster. A house built at this place in the early 1800's, and serving as a store

and tavern, was the stopping place for travellers bound for points east and west.

Purchased around 1840 by Andrew Wilson who came from Bathurst District near Perth, the Mackenzie farm became the home of John Wilson, a law student who was one of the participants in the last duel to be fought in Canada.

Wilson's adversary was Robert Lyon, also a law student, who had made a disparaging remark about a young lady in whom Wilson was interested. The duel took place on a June morning in 1833 on the bank of the River Tay in Lanark; and the twenty-year old Lyon was killed. Wilson, tried for murder in Brockville, conducted his own defence. Acquitted, he lived to become an eminent lawyer, a member of the Legislature, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ontario. Andrew Wilson remained on the farm, raised a large family, and took a prominent part in public affairs.

West of this locality near the mouth of Lemon's Creek is the area where the first industrial development of any size in the counties took place. Lemon's Creek was named after Major Lemon who had commanded a company in the Battle of the Windmill in 1838, and who had been in command of a large section of river front during the Fenian Raids.

Around Lemon's Creek the necessities of pioneer life were manufactured. There was a blacksmith shop, a foundry, gristmill, sawmill, a mill for carding wool, a flour mill, and probably the first implement factory in Upper Canada to make the plough which came to be widely known as the Lemon Plough.

At this same time, Albert Pearson was operating a tannery and was manufacturing shoes, with five or six shoemakers doing all the work by hand. Pearson was also an old soldier, having commanded two companies of Grenville Militia in the War of 1812.

Few reminders of those days survive to remind the traveller of pioneer activity in and around Maitland. Here and there an old stone barn near the river brings to mind industries which made this a busy community a century and more ago.

XIII

Beautiful Horses

ONE OF THE FAMILIAR SIGHTS for many years along the roads outside the village was of the jockeys and members of the Webster family out horseback riding through the countryside. Dressed in trim habits and sitting horses of grace and beauty, the Webster riders provided a picture reminiscent of an old English hunting scene.

The Squire of Pointe au Baril which came to be known simply as "The Point" was for some years Dr. R. E. Webster, son-in-law of Mrs. Chillion Jones who was a sister of R. G. Hervey who was, in turn, son-in-law of George Canning Longley, son of the original owner.

Animals have always had their place in life at The Point. After Longley's farm animals and the great herd kept by the distillery came the Webster horses and dogs. At one time, George Longley had a wild animal preserve when he built a high stone wall around several acres of land to form a pen for a small herd of captive deer. While the deer grazed there happily enough one summer, the following winter they made their escape over a large drift of snow which had piled up against the inner side of the wall.

The late Mrs. R. E. Webster used to recall seeing the second George Longley, when he was Customs Collector at Maitland, sitting before the huge livingroom fireplace smoking a clay pipe. The curious thing about this ritual was that the Squire never smoked the same pipe twice, but consigned each one to the flames as he finished the pipeful of tobacco.

The beautiful Webster horses were always a source of interest and pride to Maitland people. The matter was thoroughly discussed when, some time after purchasing The Point in 1920, Mrs. Webster began raising thoroughbreds. A stroke of good judgment led to the purchase of the grey stallion, "Synorix", son of the great "Tetrarch". The latter, one of the greatest race-horses of all time, was from the stables of the Aga Khan. Foaled in England in 1920, Syronix sired

two famous sons, "Syngo" and "Syndic".

Another outstanding horse in the Webster stables was "The Calf", foaled in 1935 north of Kingston from a mare called "Pottery", formerly of the Maitland stables. When Pottery was unable to nurse her foal, the little orphan was wrapped in a blanket and brought to The Point in the back of a new car. Raised on a cow, The Calf repaid his care by winning at the Blue Bonnet Race Track in Montreal as well as at Toronto. Retired from racing, The Calf was used as a hunter.

Other famous horses owned by Mrs. Webster included "Wild Rose"; and "Woodlark", and "Going Up" of the Ottawa Stables. "Going Up" at one time held the title of Champion Jumping Horse of Canada. "Double Briar" a descendant of the original "Syronix" ran third in 1946 in the King's Plate and, like Syngo in 1933, defeated the same horses in the Prince of Wales Plate Race that same year.

Mrs. Webster, who rode in Montreal with the Montreal Hunt Club, and with Montreal hounds, won herself many ribbons in the Show Ring and held top honors in the Ladies' Hunter Class at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. Mrs. Webster's sister, Mrs. Bedford-Jones, hunted with the Prince of Wales during his visit to Canada.

Mrs. Webster's love of animals probably got its start when, as a small child, she was given a team of goats by her parents, and a small cart which she drove to school every day.

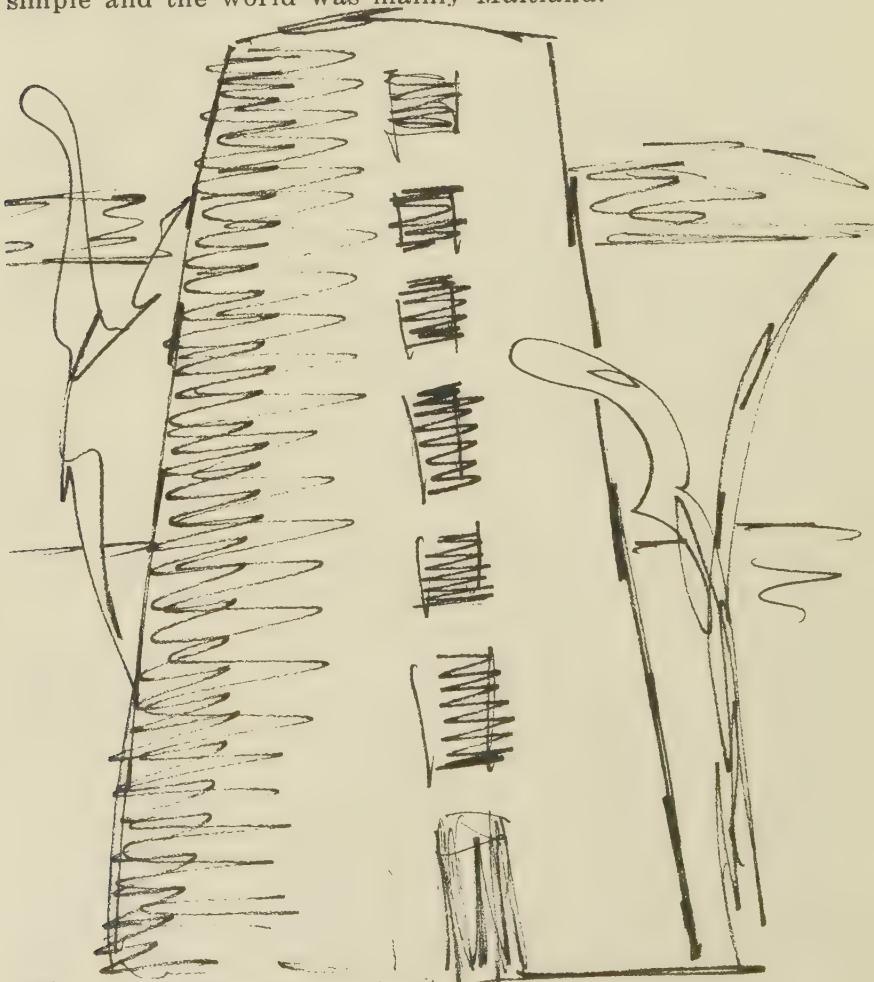
This woman's interest was not confined to horses alone. With considerable success, she raised pedigree wire-haired Fox Terriers. In 1924, her "Lady Wire-Boy of Paignton" took top honors at the Montreal Kennel Club Show, and also on that occasion captured the Quintard Silver Cup for the Best Dog of any breed in the entire show. "Bit-of-White" in the same year took the Best Dog in all classes at the Butterfly Dog Show in Sherbrooke, Quebec, also winning honors at the Montreal Dog Show amounting to no less than the sum of $5,000.

When Mrs. Chilion Jones lived at The Point, she was also a keen sportswoman as well as being an authority on dairy cattle and the dairy industry. While living at "Belvedere" just east of Brockville, she authored a book on the sub-

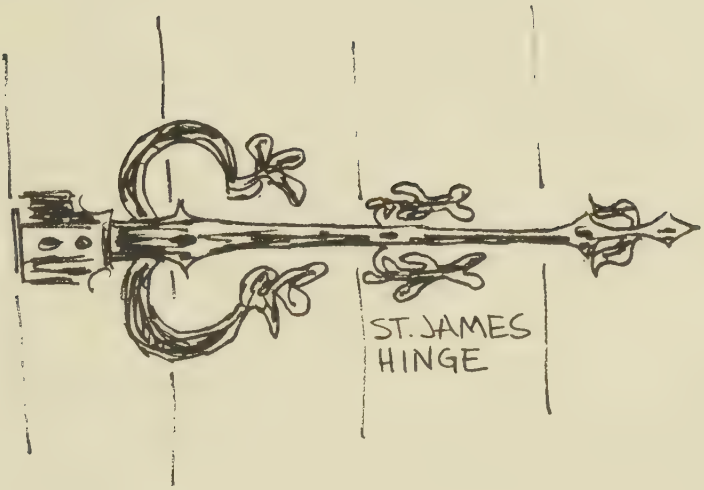
ject "Dairying for Profit, or The Poor Man's Cow".

Today one of the old stone distillery buildings on The Point is the premises of a novel manufacturing plant. Known as Maitland Charts and operated by R. C. Peter Webster, this industry makes roll charts for recording instruments which are shipped to countries as far away as Peru, South Africa, England, Portugal, Brazil, Chile, Norway, Australia and New Zealand.

Overshadowing the Chart Plant looms the old windmill, silent reminder of a bygone day when industrialization was simple and the world was mainly Maitland.



GEORGE LONGLEY'S TOWER



XIV

The Beloved Physician

A GRAND MANOR OF CANADA and a home dedicated to gracious living, old Homewood stands east of Maitland overlooking the St. Lawrence River. Descendants of the first settler, Dr. Solomon Jones, still live on this property.

Solomon Jones, a physician with a mild face and courteous manner, built the big stone house in 1800 on land granted him by the Crown. Solomon's father, a Welsh gentleman by the name of "Johns", had lived near Ford Edward in New York State where he was engaged in the lumber business. After his death at about the beginning of the Revolutionary War, his wife, Sarah, came to Upper Canada, bringing several of her sons and one daughter.

All the Jones family were staunch Loyalists, one son being three times threatened with the scaffold during the

War when he refused to divulge the movements of the Loyalist troops to the enemy. Two sons were killed in the Revolution.

Another son, Solomon, had studied medicine at Albany, New York, and graduated as a Surgeon's Mate, later joining the Royalist forces as a doctor attached to the army of General Burgoyne. When the British General surrendered at Saratoga, Jones made his escape and, crossing into Canada, offered his services to the Commander of the British forces at Three Rivers. Here he remained until peace was declared. Then, joining his family, Solomon started on the long trek which brought them to Augusta in 1783.

As a half-pay military officer, Dr. Jones was entitled to a grant of 850 acres of land, 400 being along the river front. Here, close to the blue waters, he erected a log house and a second log structure for use as an apothecary shop and office. Here the family lived until the big stone house was built in 1800.

Dr. Jones became the loved and trusted physician and friend as he rode on horseback through the forests from Cornwall to Kingston and as far north as the Rideau settlements, with medicine stowed away in his saddlebags. The doctor served also as counsellor, executor, and ultimately a Member of Parliament, as well as Judge of the Johnstown District Court. When the dread cholera, brought to the St. Lawrence on immigrant vessels, made its appearance here, the good doctor gave of both services and funds to the utmost limit.

The necessity of being away from home and family for weeks at a time caused the doctor no little concern. On one of these occasions, he was much alarmed at what he saw as he rode over the hill to the west of his house.

Drawn up along the shore were dozens of canoes, while Indians in war dress stood about on the shore and stalked close to the house. With fear clutching his heart, the doctor urged his horse to a gallop. Reining in quickly in front of the cabin, he sprang out of the saddle and threw open the door. The sight that met his eyes made him cry out his wife's name in horror.

An Indian chief stood near the hearth, holding in one hand one of Mary's golden braids and in the other a gleaming knife. Then, "What a fine scalp this would make", a laughing voice said in perfect English. At Solomon's shout of anger, the Chief turned, saw the white face of the doctor, and hurried to his side. The Chief was Joseph Brant (Thayendenaega), who was a close friend of the Jones family.

As the two friends and Mary stood by the fireplace, Chief Brant reassured the doctor that no harm would ever come to him or his if he could prevent it. Ever after, at Homewood, the name of Chief Brant was spoken of with trust and affection.

One of the most poignant tales of Upper Canada settlement days concerns the tragic romance of Solomon Jones' young brother, David, and the lovely daughter of a Revolutionist, Jean McCrea. Used as American propaganda during the Revolution, this story is claimed to have actually turned the trend of the war in favor of the rebels.

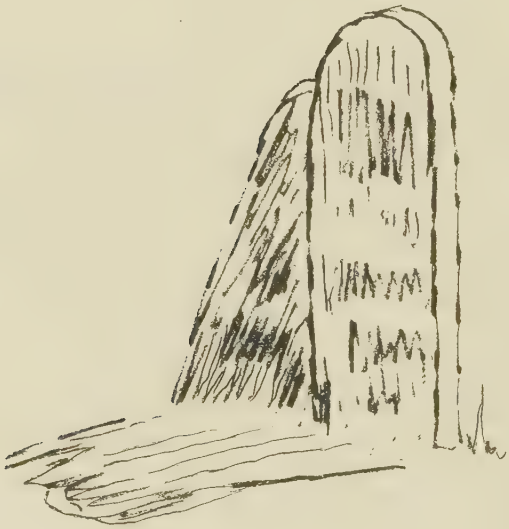
When the Revolutionary War broke out, David and Jean were engaged to be married. While at first they agreed to postpone their wedding until peace was restored, David later made arrangements with Jean to meet her at Ticonderoga where they would be married. He would send a trustworthy Indian chief to guard his sweetheart and a woman friend on their journey.

And so Jean set out to meet her lover. It was never clearly established what took place along the way. But David, becoming anxious over the delay in the arrival of his financée, sent a second chief to see what was the matter. Possibly the two Indians, considering themselves competitors of a sort, fell into argument which ended in a raging battle among the two chiefs and their followers.

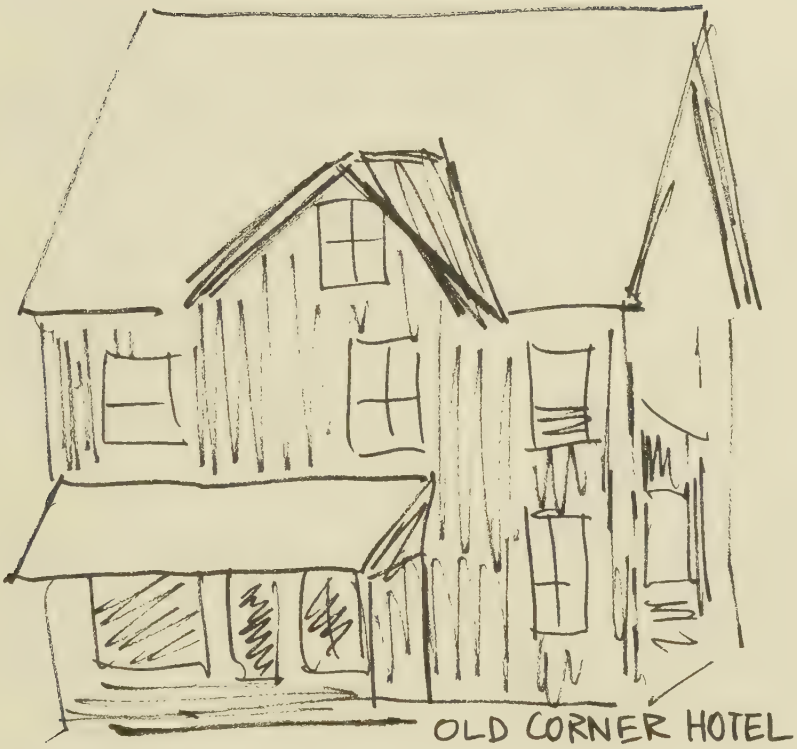
The sun had set and twilight was falling as Lieutenant Jones paced up and down in front of the fort, peering into the dusk in the hope of seeing Jean and her guards approaching. Out of the gloom a form came running. And before the horrified gaze of the white man, the Indian held up a golden-haired scalp dripping with blood.

David Jones was never seen to smile after. During the remainder of the war, he courted danger, hoping to be killed.

When peace had come, David returned to Homewood to live with Solomon and their mother. In a few more years, he was dead. He sleeps in the Blue Church cemetery, but no stone marks his grave. It was stolen a few years ago, probably by an unscrupulous souvenir seeker.



It was on this river front that the British, in 1776, started a shipyard to replace the one built and destroyed by the French before they abandoned their habitation at Pointe au Baril. On the river shore among the great oaks growing there arose the hull of the last war vessel to be erected in Grenville county. Named the Seneca, the ship was carefully guarded until April, 1777, when she was launched and taken to Oswego to be rigged. The armament of this vessel consisted of ten six-pounders.



XV

Canadian "Paul Revere"

THE AMERICANS MIGHT HAVE taken Canada in the War of 1812 if they had been ingenious enough to gain control of the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Montreal and thus shut off the Upper Province from the rest of the country. This might have been accomplished, but it would have been over the dead bodies of Maitland settlers.

At this time the river front was the scene of a good deal of activity. The only line of communication between Montreal

and Kingston being the river, all stores had to be conveyed along this route.

Along this stretch, some ten relay posts were set up, and were kept open by the Militia Dragoons. Posts as wayside taverns in Brockville and Prescott were open to despatch riders who billeted there. The time required to carry a despatch from Montreal to Kingston was about 24 hours.

A story is told how one despatch rider remembered for his service is Duncan Clark whose thrilling horse-back ride rivals the exploit of the celebrated American Paul Revere.

General Wilkinson, with his 10,000 American troops and huge armada of barges, bateaux and vessels of every description was lying in wait at Sackett's Harbour and Grenadier Island watching the opportunity to wipe out all the Canadian frontier posts between Kingston and Montreal.

On the morning of November 3, when it became apparent at Fort Wellington that Wilkinson was preparing to start operations, Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson at Prescott detailed Lieutenant Duncan Clark to hasten to Elliott's Point, some five miles west of Brockville, where immediately upon appearance of the enemy, Clark should take horse and ride back to Prescott, alarming the countryside as he passed through.

It was dusk when Clark sighted the huge flotilla advancing down the river toward Brockville and hugging the shore on the American side. Setting off immediately on his horse, the Lieutenant rode at full speed on his 18 mile gallop to Prescott. Passing through Brockville he gave the alarm that sent the guards hustling into their uniforms and rushing to occupy their posts along the water front.

At Brockville, Clark changed horses and resumed his ride. As he galloped along the rough road, his shout was heard wherever there was sign of habitation.

"To Arms! To Arms!" Into Maitland the horseman speeded. The pound of galloping hoofs and the soldier's loud cries brought men and women hurrying to their doorways. The men lost no time in donning their uniforms. Catching up their weapons, they hastened out into the dark. Left at home, the women and children barricaded the doors, and with loaded muskets prepared to defend their homes to the end.

Clark paused at Maitland long enough to change horses, then galloped on, his shout of "To Arms!" ringing along the road all the way to Fort Wellington. When Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson learned the enemy were actually on the way, the garrison was alerted and the 24-pounders were trained on the waters of the St. Lawrence.

General Wilkinson had, however, become suspicious that his convoy might be attacked at Prescott, and had changed his tactics. Disembarking his army about two miles above Ogdensburg, the General marched his men to a point where the New York State Hospital now stands, and there re-embarked them on the boats which skeleton crews had contrived to steer past the cannon fire coming from Fort Wellington. In this manner, the Americans got away down the river, passing through the Rapids with only a few casualities.

Meanwhile pickets east of Fort Wellington had been alerted and were prepared for the approaching army and ships. So it was that Wilkinson received a great surprise when on November 7, upon nearing the Canadian shore, he saw his flotilla being raked by a volley which threw his forces into panic. The outcome of this engagement was Wilkinson's decision to land his men in that area where subsequently took place the Battle of Chrysler's Farm.

While battles have gone down in the annals of Canadian history, the exploits of despatch riders have been almost forgotten. This tale is told to illustrate the part played by these men in the protection of the Canadian frontier.

ALONG MAITLAND'S MAIN STREET

XVI

The Hecks of Augusta

WHEN I RODE ALONG THE Prescott road behind our shining black Peggy, my childish gaze took in the large stone house which had once been home to one of the greatest names in American and Canadian church history. (Today the house has disappeared, but the Heck story still lives on.)

I never really studied the house until October, 1955, and then I just wanted to stand and feast my eyes on the beautiful, shabby old place. But, a snarling black spaniel warned me to be on my way. He was not aware, as was I, that this dignified old dwelling with its steep roof and many windows and its wonderful view of the St. Lawrence, was the house where Barbara Heck (the recognized Mother of American Methodism) once lived and died.

The story of Barbara Heck, her family and associates is

one of the most romantic in Upper Canada settlement history. Taking one into three countries, it ends in this oldest point in Ontario — Pointe au Baril, settled by the French in 1759.

We first hear of the Hecks as French Huguenots driven from their home to Germany in 1685. Again in 1709 these refugees were forced by religious persecutions to find new homes. Queen Anne of England came to their aid by providing refuge in her Kingdom.

Barbara Heck's family, the Ruckles, were among those who were given asylum in Ireland. They settled in Ballingarand, County Limerick, where under the preaching of John Wesley they early became Methodists.

Visit Ireland today, and you may see the little stucco church built on the same foundation as the original which was burned down many years ago. Inside is a marble plaque to Barbara Heck and another to Philip Embury, the cousin who became a Methodist preacher. Beside Philip's plaque hangs the ram's horn used to call people to service whenever an itinerant preacher passed that way. Until the church had a bell the ram's horn continued to call people to Sunday morning service. There is a story told that John Wesley paid Paul, Barbara's young brother, a sixpence for blowing the horn.

A young Barbara Ruckle (Ruttel they call it now) today lives with her parents in the cottage where the other Barbara lived and from where she set out for the wilderness called America. The kitchen in the old home is much as it was then, with its wide scrubbed floorboards and its overhead loft with the clay-mud mortar between the timbers.

When this house was built in 1710, the thatched roof with its fire-proof clay was designed to provide protection to these Protestants, living as they had previously, where persecution might arise.

A frugal, thrifty people, these Palatines left Ireland after fifty years when landlords sought to raise their rents. It was August, 1760, when the group arrived in New York aboard the ship, "Perry". For Barbara Ruckle and Paul Heck the ocean trip was a honeymoon. In New York, the Hecks and Emburys became communicants of the Lutheran church at Broadway and Rector Streets, close to the present Trinity

church where the Rev. Weygand was pastor. On November 2nd, 1761, Jacobena Elizabeth, daughter of Paul and Barbara was baptized there. Three Embury children were also baptized and these entries may still be seen in the records of this old congregation.

It was here in New York that Barabara, five years later, organized the first Methodist service on the continent, with Philip Embury preaching the sermon in his own home. Six persons attended the service — Barbara and Paul Heck, Paul Ruckle, Mrs. Embury, John Lawrence, a nephew of Paul Heck who later married Philip Embury's widow, and Barbara's slave, Betty.

The story has been told many times how Barbara had walked into Embury's house to find a card game in progress. Shocked that a man who had been a local preacher in Ireland should indulge in anything so wordly, Barbara scolded Philip roundly. According to the story, it was this incident that prompted Barbara to institute a Bible Class, but authorities insist that there is no evidence that Philip participated in such a game.

When the Methodist Society was organized following Embury's first sermon in 1766, the group came into the purview and relationship with the Church of England as all Wesleyan work was set. St. Paul's Chapel, Fulton Street and Broadway, was their first church where they communed. The original building still stands on that site and is very active in Manhattan today. This is the church where Washington worshipped when in New York and his pew is marked with the flag of his day.

On March 30, 1768, a plot of land was purchased on John Street and work on the first Wesley Chapel was begun. Philip Embury did much of the carpentry work and made most of the simple furnishings. The pulpit is still in use in the Prayer Room of the present John Street Church. It was Barbara Heck who urged that the church be built and it was she who drew up the plans. On October 30, 1768, the church was dedicated as was the Preacher's house, the first Methodist parsonage in America. Philip preached the first sermon.

At that time New York's John Street was a lane along "Golden Hill," so named for the fields of golden grain

stretching toward the horizon. The Chapel was placed at the crest of the hill. Today, only one hundred and fifty feet away, looms the New York Federal Reserve Building with its vaults where millions in gold are exchanged and shipped daily.

Old John Street Church stands now a shrine of American Methodism. The church has been rebuilt twice, in 1818 and in 1841, and was restored in 1965. The Methodist Society, dating from 1766, has continued without interruption and remains the oldest of its kind in America. A charter secured from the Legislature of New York assures it perpetuation as a Methodist Memorial as well as a place of worship, for all time. It is under the jurisdiction of trustees elected by the General Conference which maintains it.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, the Hecks had been living for some seven years on a 250-acre farm where they had cleared 42 acres and built a house and barn, and possessed implements and several head of cattle. Paul had joined the British Army at Crown Point where he served under Major Leake. The family escaped to Sorel near Montreal after the rebels burned their home and took possession.

At the conclusion of the Revolutionary War and after a period of waiting at Montreal while suitable locations for Loyalists were being surveyed in the territory stretching along the St. Lawrence between Cornwall and Kingston, the Hecks and others arrived in Augusta Township and settled three miles north of the river. Soon they were busy hewing a new home in the wilderness in what is now called Maynard. The first Methodist meeting place was in a barn on the Nation River. On a lot bequeathed by Paul Heck to his son John in 1795 stands the Victoria United Church built almost a century ago by the Methodists. An earlier church, the Methodist Episcopal, erected in 1817, stood on the site of the present day Maynard cemetery. It was torn down following church union in the eighties.

Earlier still in the annals of church history was the building of the "Blue Church" in 1790. Paul Heck was a member of the building committee. The present Blue Church, the third to be erected on this site, was built in 1845, and

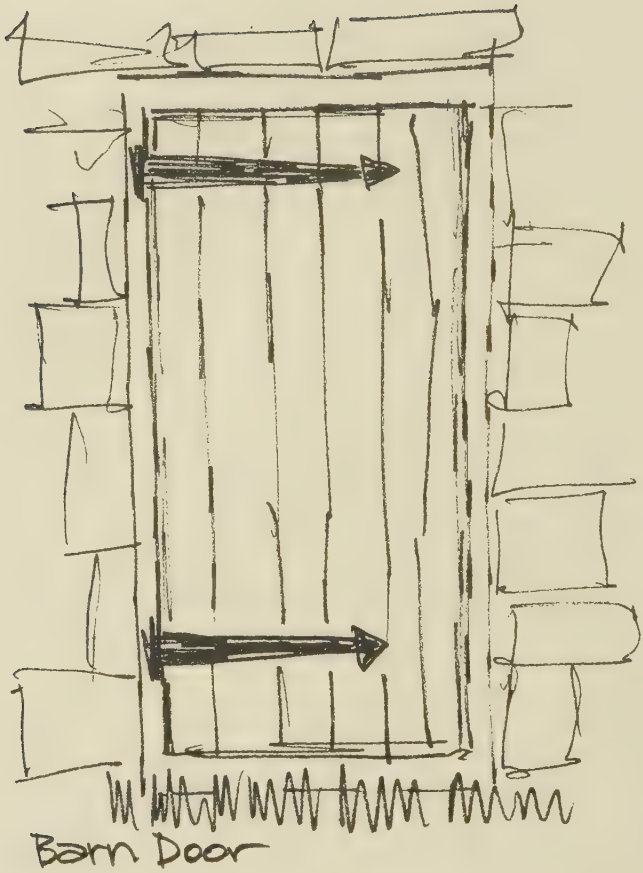
with the old burying ground surrounding it is one of the best known landmarks along the riverside.

It was in 1795 that Paul Heck died at the age of sixty-two. Judging from his will, he expected Barbara with her son Samuel would spend her remaining years on the third concession farm. However, when Samuel received a grant of land along the river (Lot 17) he persuaded his mother to move to the old stone house where she died in 1804.

Barbara Heck, her husband and others of her family lie buried in the beautiful Blue Church cemetery overlooking the river. Although originally a public burial ground it, with the Church itself, came under the jurisdiction of the Church of England when other churches were built by people of other denominations in the community. The Rev. Robert Blakey became the rector of the Parish of Augusta in 1821. He soon realized that the population of this Augusta community was diminishing while Maitland and Prescott were developing more rapidly. He built for himself a charming home a short distance from the Blue Church, which is recognized by all who see it as a gem of architecture.

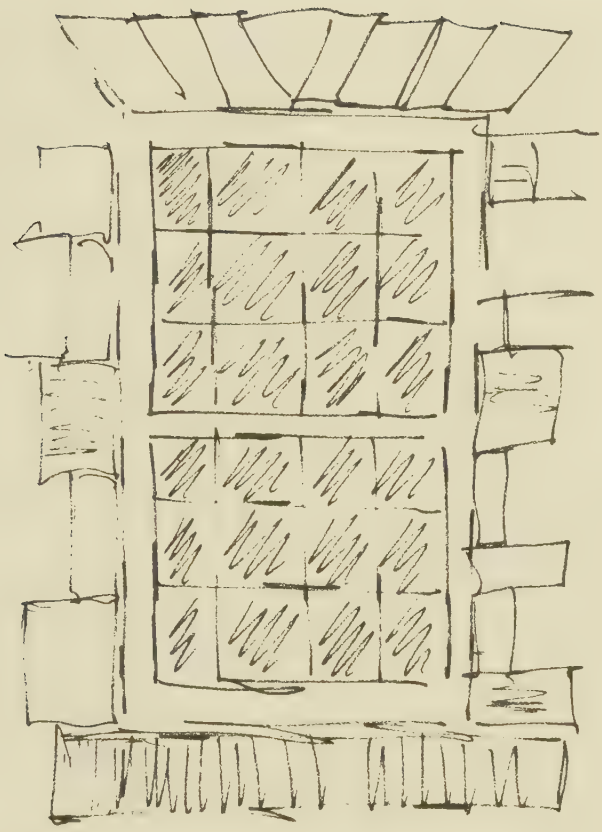
The patent for the Blue Church property was issued on February 3rd, 1853. It was made out to "Dr. Blakey and others" in trust for the Church of England. In June, 1909, the whole Heck plot was made over to the Methodist Church of Canada by the Rector and Wardens of St. John's Church, Prescott, with whom lay the oversight of the cemetery. This was done for the purpose of erecting a monument to Barbara Heck, the founder of Methodism in the United States and Canada. By popular subscription the Methodists of these two countries collected funds and had erected a massive monument to her memory. Each year this historic site is visited by hundreds of pilgrims and tourists. It is such a peaceful spot with its old, old tombstones and its tiny church with the sky-blue walls.

The old stone house where Barbara Heck once lived and where she died, holding her Bible on her knee, has disappeared. The Du Pont Company of Canada purchased the property for its Maitland plant and in 1963 dismantled the house, cataloguing it all piece by piece. For a time it was



stored, but in 1965 it was presented by the Company to the Barbara Heck Foundation which plans to rebuild it on its new six-acre site at Landon's Bay, a few miles east of Gananoque. It will be used as an ecumenical Conference Centre.

And so the Heck story continues to be enacted. Barbara Heck, who once worshipped in the little Blue Church, originally built for pioneer settlers of all denominations, would be the first to rejoice that her home is destined to serve people of every faith. This is a fitting tribute to one who, in the words inscribed on the monument beside the Blue Church, "laid foundations others have built upon".



XVII

Justus Sherwood

BORN IN CONNECTICUT IN 1747, Justus Sherwood moved to Vermont when he was twenty-seven. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was arrested as a Loyalist, but escaped to join the British at Crown Point. He was taken prisoner at Saratoga in 1777, and after being exchanged was commissioned as a captain in the intelligence service. From 1780 to 1783 he had charge of secret negotiations which, it was hoped, would result in Vermont's rejoining the British Empire.

Sherwood, who took up land on lots seven, eight and nine in Augusta township in 1784, played a leading role in its settlement. One of the District's first magistrates, he was also a member of the local land board until his death which took place at Three Rivers, Quebec, at the age of fifty-one.

Captain Sherwood did survey work in the new settlements along the St. Lawrence and at Cataraqui, and was superintendent of the Oswegatchie settlement. It was said that he showed considerable impatience in carrying out his duties there, but for very good reason.

Building supplies were short and a reduction of rations led Sherwood to complain that, "they have no milk nor butter nor any kind of vegetables whatever, no fresh meat nor fish except now and then by chance a few small pan fish taken with hook and line and even this trifling resource must fail in the winter season." There was also a scarcity of clothing and blankets.

Additional worries plagued the superintendent when, in the fall, the Indians began to help themselves to the settlers' cattle and to threaten the women and children. Sherwood discovered this behaviour was being aggravated by the rum the Indians were drinking, which had been obtained at different taverns. After giving their own food in exchange for liquor, the Indians were hungry enough to steal at every opportunity.

Major Holland thought up the solution to this problem. "Sell liquor only by licenced individuals," he said. Holland recommended that Ephraim Jones in township seven and William Snider in township six should be the only settlers entrusted wth liquor licences. These men refused to traffic in liquor with the Indians.

Justus Sherwood holds the unique distinction of having been posthumously honored, as a Loyalist, by the American people. This took place on July 4, 1913, at Block House Point, Vermont, when a boulder with inscribed tablet was unveiled in commemoration of the building in July, 1781, on that spot, of Loyal Block House, and of the builder, Captain Justus Sherwood.

At the ceremony, where descendants of survivors of the

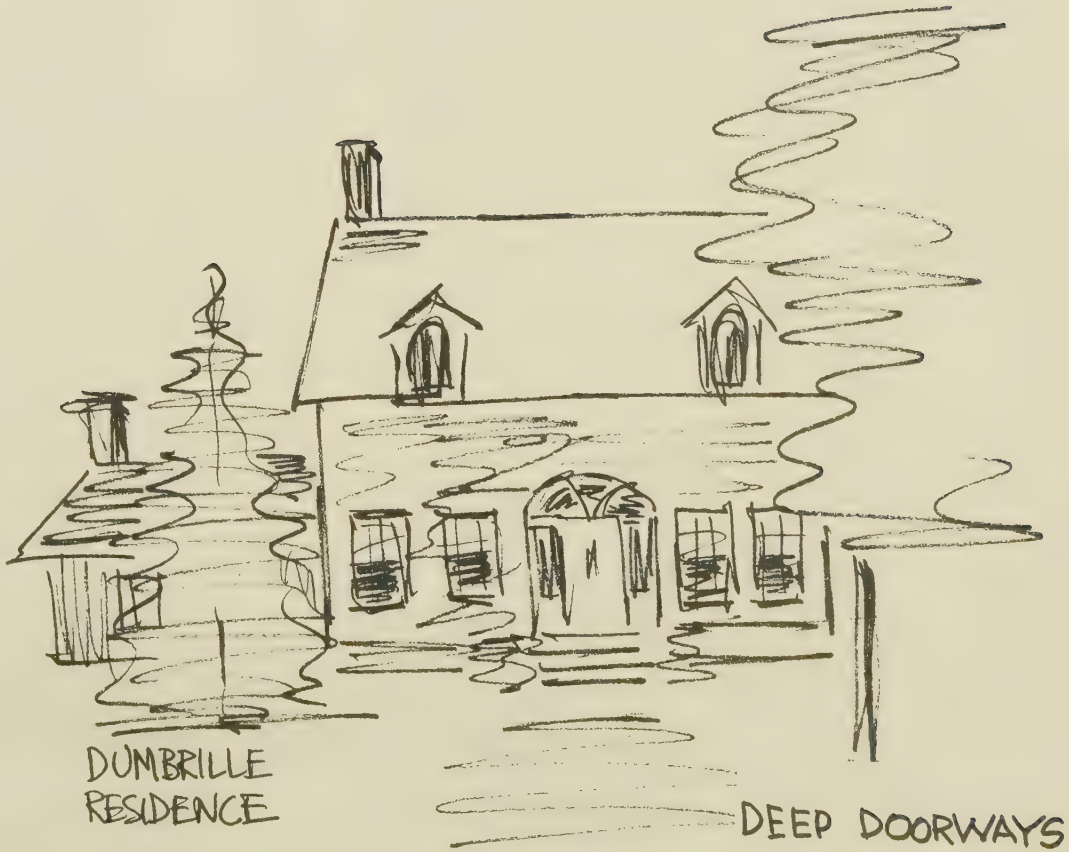
opposing forces met together, under the auspices of the Vermont Society, Sons of the American Revolution, Sherwood was referred to as "a gallant foe".

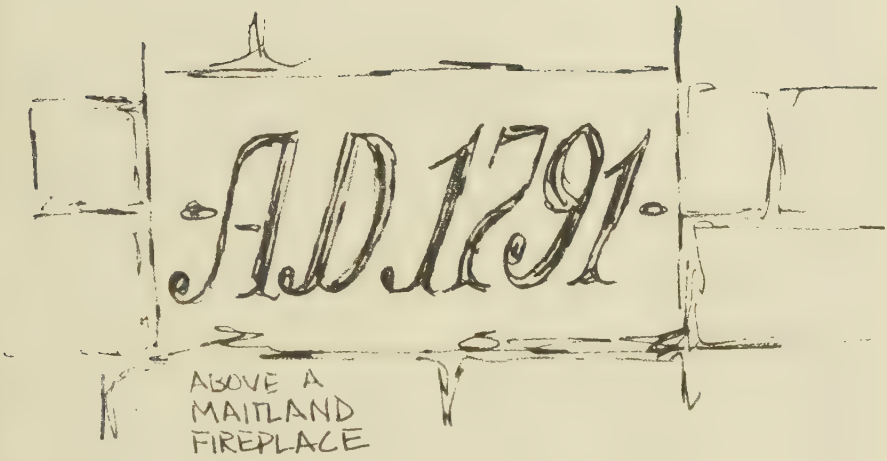
Diana Sherwood, Justus' daughter, upon her marriage to Elijah Smades, received as her dowry the grant of land along the river which has been retained by the Smades family to this day. Loyalists also, the Smades are the only family on this river road, with the exception of the Jones', who have continuously farmed the same land throughout the years. The Smades farm is one of the comparatively few Grenville county farms which have been awarded the Centennial Century Farm plaque for having been for more than a century in possession of the same family.

Plaques to honor Justus Sherwood and Dr. Solomon Jones were unveiled by the Ontario Archaelogical and Historic Sites Board and the Grenville County Historical Society in July, 1964.

A very old diary treasured by the Smades family relates how Dr. Strachan, who later became the first Bishop of Toronto, officiated at the baptism of the Smades children. However, when this clergyman was moved to Toronto, baptisms were henceforth carried out by the Methodist layman, the Rev. Samuel Heck.

Justus Sherwood, who was described as not only a man of culture, but "forward in every enterprise of danger to the end of the Revolutionary War," had four sons and three daughters. Every subsequent generation of the Sherwood family has had men of worth and distinction.


DUMBRILLE
RESIDENCE
DEEP DOORWAYS



XVIII

Old Stone Houses

SOME ONE HAS SAID THAT NO other village in Ontario the size of Maitland possesses so many stone houses of distinction. You may travel east, west and north and find other houses of stone which were built in the same period.

When William Hargrave left the employ of the Hudson Bay Company and came to Augusta township, he must have left a slice of his heart in the north country. For what other reason would he be led to construct his barns on the farm that he bought overlooking the St. Lawrence in the form of

a Hudson's Bay fort?

This farm had belonged to Lieutenant Campbell, a Scotsman, who arrived in Canada with Loyalists from the Mohawk Valley and was granted the last 400 acres in Augusta. After clearing a good deal of the land and living on the property for about 40 years, Campbell sold his holdings to William Freeland who built the stone house and most of the other stone buildings south of the road. Freeland started up a chandler industry which did an extensive business until the arrival of the kerosene lamp around 1880.

Upon his death, Freeland's farm went to his son, Henry, who sold the house and river front, along with two acres on the north side, to Hargrave, the retired fur-trader. On these two acres, Hargrave built his unique replica of a Hudson's Bay fort.

When Freeland sold the west half of the farm, he retained the east portion on which he built a rambling white house wherein he kept his chandler works. Both this farm and the former, he called "Burnside", a name which was perpetuated by the Ralph family which lived there until 1966.

Henry Freeland lived to a great old age, and for years was a familiar figure as he drove his team of ponies, hitched to a wicker phaeton, to church in Maitland and up and down to and from Brockville.

A short distance west of Burnside stands beautiful "Stone Acres", presently the property of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Flanigan. While this stone house does not lay claim to being as old as some others, it has passed the century mark. Built in 1853 by the Bradfield brothers who were artists in the field of stone-cutting, Stone Acres is considered one of the best examples in the art of masonry to be found in Canada.

The Bradfields were timber dealers as well as stonecutters. For some years the river front south of the big house was a busy shipping point for logs and lumber. A stone mill erected by the Bradfields was later sold to a German chemist to use as a manufacturing plant for explosives. This business came to an abrupt end when, early one morning, an explosion rocked the countryside. The building was wrecked and so disturbed were the neighbours that the chemist took his departure.

The well preserved old stone house about a mile west of Maitland, present day home of "Cairndania Kennels," was once known as "Mile House". The builder, Paul Glassford, was the son of a Scottish Loyalist who came to Canada from the Mohawk Valley when he discovered most of his valley neighbours were not loyal British subjects.

Coming first to Sackett's Harbour, John Glassford and his family proceeded toward Niagara, travelling up the north side of Lake Ontario in a small boat. Somewhere, during the journey, young Paul was lost in the woods. The child lived for several days on the wild fruits he gathered before being discovered by soldiers and restored to his frantic parents at Niagara.

John Glassford served in the King's army during the Revolutionary War. When lands were granted the Loyalists, Glassford drew a holding in Matilda township. It was 1820 when Paul moved to Augusta and built the fine stone house in which for some years he conducted a mercantile business.

Lying in between Mile House and Burnside is a little valley. The stream which once crossed the road here flowed into "Dunham's Bay", where settlers from the first brigade of Loyalists landed in 1784.

Daniel Dunham, who had been a soldier in Burgoyne's army, drew land here in addition to the 400 acres on which he settled at the place where North Augusta now stands. Dunham's Bay was a bustling place in the early days, with river boats stopping here at the long wharves extending out into the bay.

Overlooking Dunham's Bay stood a stone dwelling high up on the hill north of the road. Built on what was originally part of the Dunham grant, this house attracted attention with its stone wings at either end. For some years this place was home to the Byers family who had originally come from Scotland to Prince Edward Island with the early British settlers.

The first work of the Byers on reaching this district was to straighten the crooked streets of Brockville with the same equipment they had used to do similar work in New York and Montreal.

East of the village stands the Weatherhead house, once

owned by two brothers, supposedly priests, who planned to use their spare accommodation as a college. Unfortunately, almost as soon as the house was completed, one of the brothers was found drowned in the well in front of Ziba Phillips' house. The well was promptly covered over with a large flat stone topped with two feet of earth, and for many years was forgotten.

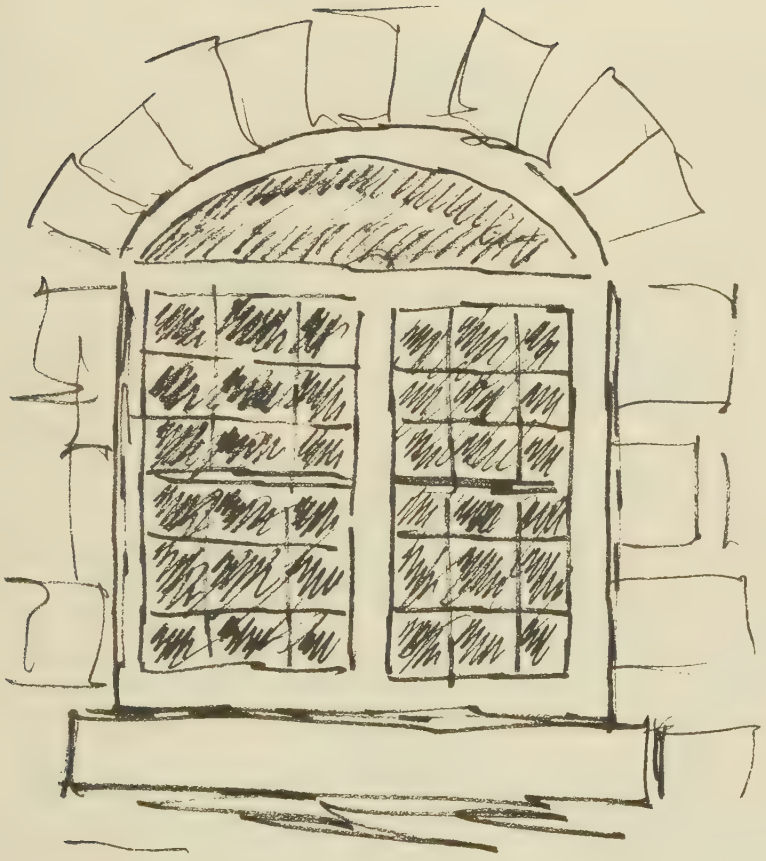
One of Maitland's beautiful old stone houses, known for many years as "Ballymenah" or "the MacKay place", was built by the Rev. Richard Lewis and stands on the lot which was once called "Weatherhead's Point". It was here on this shore that the first settlers landed, among them the Loyalist Bissell family.

In the village, the house which is now the home of Miss Gladys Dudley possesses an unique feature in its Masonic archway. Undoubtedly, some of the early Masonic meetings were held here.

Just east of the Dumbrille store stands a house reminiscent of Lower Canada in its architecture. Over the fireplace in this home has been placed a stone uncovered in the basement, and carved with the date, 1791.

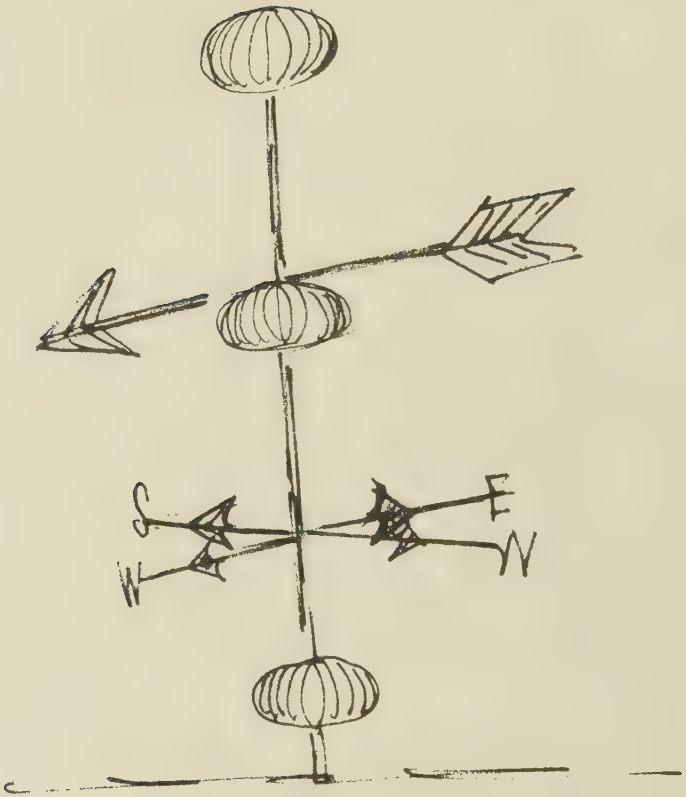
Nestled into the side of the hill, and behind Deep Doorways, is the little stone house which George Longley built for his farm foreman. In 1874 this house was purchased by a shoemaker who it is believed added the wing, at the rear of the house, which runs parallel to the original house, but on a lower floor level. It is thought that he operated his shoemakers shop in this addition while he resided in the older part of the house.

Near the tower "The Stone House" wth beautiful Gothic type windows has been many times sketched and painted by artists from far and near. In this house approximately 10 years after the turn of the century R. G. Hervey started one of his final business ventures, by financing a gas works. Using peat transported from peat bogs in the Ottawa area and through a process of impregnating the peat with oil and distilling same the successful operation of a gasometer was brought about. To advertise this as a utility for Maitland residents he had erected, as working models, 2 or 3 gas



lamps on standards beside the street in front of the house.

Perhaps some day a book may be written that will include all of the old Maitland houses. Only in that way could the complete story be told.


S
E
W

XIX

Long Live Maitland

MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES have passed since white men first beached their canoes at thickly wooded Pointe au Baril. While few people canoe around here any more, many power-boat owners do cruise, and many tourists amble through the village in their autos.

The Maitland scene is changed from that of even a decade ago. The stone farmhouse occupying land which in the early days was part of the David Breakenridge crown grant stands faded and withdrawn among the bright new homes of the McLean subdivision. These homes, belonging to the modern era, are occupied mainly by wage-earners employed by nearby industry.

To the industry which has wrought the most change in this whole area, Du Pont of Canada, goes the credit for providing employment and a higher standard of living to hundreds of families. That some of these people live in Maitland is good for the village.

In addition to the new families, there is the summer population which has increased until little space can be found anywhere along the shore for would-be residents. There are also the people who choose the village as a desirable place to retire.

But in spite of changes here and there the landscape remains old, loved, familiar. St. James' Church still graces the hilltop. The Dumbrille store façade is traditionally the same. Many of the stone dwellings look well preserved, gracious and inviting still. Lovely old gardens overflowing with delphinium, day lilies, "pinies" and lilacs border velvety lawns.

It would seem that while much has been recently added, the best and the most precious has resisted alteration. Maitland is old, and at the same time, like a dignified centenarian, will never be noticeably older. Still living, very much alive in its quiet way, this Seaway Village has become immortal.

OXFORD
WOLFORD
KITLEY
AUGUSTA
EDWARDSBURGH
MATILDA
ELIZABETHTOWN
YONGE & ESCOTT
REAR OF
Athens
Lyndhurst
Delta
Brockville
Prescott
Ogdensburg
St Lawrence
River
Lord's Mills
Maynard
Algonquin
Glenmore
Roebuck
Thousand Islands
Bridge Under Construction
Ferry
Canadian Pacific Railway
Grand Trunk Railway
Canadian Northern Railway
Rideau Canal
Gananoque
Brockville
Spencerville
Oxford Mills
Bishop Mills
Mc Reynolds
Dixon's Corners
Crystal Rock
Frankville
Rock Spring
Plum Hollow
Addison
Glen Buell
Fairfield E.
Fairfield W.
Jellyby
Mud Creek
Irish Lake
Colony
Bellamy
Hawkins
Pt.
Centre Augusta
North Augusta
South Augusta
Blue Church Rds.
Thompson
Pittston
Smith
Glen
Branch
Shanly
Ventnor
Gretton
Gilmour
Cardinal
Johnstown
Mallorytown
Mallorytown Landing
Morristown
Hoards
Newbliss
Crystal
Bellamy
Judgeville
Colony
Irish Lake
Frankville
Rock Spring
Plum Hollow
Addison
Glen Buell
Athens
Lyndhurst
Delta
Brockville
Prescott
Ogdensburg
St Lawrence
River
Lord's Mills
Maynard
Algonquin
Glenmore
Roebuck
Thousand Islands
Bridge Under Construction
Ferry
Canadian Pacific Railway
Grand Trunk Railway
Canadian Northern Railway
Rideau Canal
Gananoque
Brockville
Spencerville
Oxford Mills
Bishop Mills
Mc Reynolds
Dixon's Corners
Crystal Rock
Frankville
Rock Spring
Plum Hollow
Addison
Glen Buell
Fairfield E.
Fairfield W.
Jellyby
Mud Creek
Irish Lake
Colony
Bellamy
Hawkins
Pt.
Centre Augusta
North Augusta
South Augusta
Blue Church Rds.
Thompson
Pittston
Smith
Glen
Branch
Shanly
Ventnor
Gretton
Gilmour
Cardinal
Johnstown
Mallorytown
Mallorytown Landing
Morristown
Hoards
Newbliss
Crystal
Bellamy
Judgeville
Colony